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New Statesman

Can Labour find its way?

PLUS: Dismantling welfare • Sex and socialism • Arts • French Communist congress • Books

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New Statesman

Cover drawing: John Minnion

Party mechanics
John Rentoul looks at the organisational and political task facing Larry Whitty 8

NEWS 4-6

HOME

Hugh Stephenson: socialist co-ops 7
Mick Hamer: Ridley's buses bill 9
Jack Lundin: the suicide of Philip Hart 10
Gordon Brown: burying Beveridge 13
Joan Smith: councils line up against the Minister 15
John McIlroy: union defiance drains away 16

FOREIGN

Scott MacLeod: the Lebanese quagmire 19
Claudia Wright: rise of General Walters 20
John Eisenhammer: French communists look for new role 21
Amrit Wilson: Tamils pushed off the land 22
Stephen Cohen: the USSR's patriotic war 22

WEEKEND

Jeffrey Weeks: What's sex got to do with socialism? 26

BOOKS

Nicholas Murray: Victorian fiction 29
David Gilmour: Italian Fascism 29
John Latham: Poem 30
Harriett Gilbert: New fiction 31
John Lucas: Recent poetry 32
Shorter reviews 33
Roz Kaveney: J.G. Ballard 34

ARTS

John Spurling: Renoir 34
Benedict Nightingale: *The Government Inspector* 35
John Coleman: Films 36
Jules Lubbock: Architecture 37

BACKCHAT

Hannah Wright: Soup 38
Naseem Khan: Work in progress on 'Dancing England' 39
Hugo Williams: Television 40
Weekend competition 41
Crossword 41

PLUS

This England 13
Mediawatch: Andrew Lumsden 17
Diary: Mary Harron 18
Roger Woddis 18
Letters 24
Slump 24
Feedback: Michael Ignatieff 25

NEXT WEEK

Robert Milliken on Australian Royal Commission on British nuclear tests
Caroline Rees: The trials of the woman MP
Bill Greenwell on Nicolai Tolstoy's *The Quest for Merlin*
Peter Dormer on Diane Arbus
Work in progress at the Zap Club in Brighton

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New Statesman

Vol 109 No 2812 8 February 1985

New Zealand stands up to be counted

DAVID LANGE, New Zealand's Labour Prime Minister, has broken the depressing pattern of socialist politicians who say one thing about defence in opposition but openly or secretly go back on it all in office. The fury of the Reagan Administration's reaction is a measure of the symbolic importance of the very minor measure that his government had taken in order to keep its promises.

There are no American nuclear weapons stored in New Zealand and no permanent American military bases. All the Lange government has done is to refuse permission for a US destroyer, presumed to have nuclear arms on board, to make a social visit to a New Zealand harbour after proposed ANZUS combined exercises at sea. And the 1951 ANZUS treaty between Australia, New Zealand and the United States is the loosest and most informal of alliances, without standing military structures or organisation, which merely binds the parties to consult together if there is any threat to their respective territories and to act together to meet any common danger.

The implications of this episode in the context of American dominated security systems everywhere can scarcely be exaggerated. To bring the issue right home, if this insignificant act by the New Zealand government in the context of the informal ANZUS treaty provokes such a reaction in Washington, what would the reaction be of a future American Administration to a British Labour government that put through unilateral nuclear disarmament and demanded the removal of all American nuclear bases from the United Kingdom?

To put the same political facts in another order, the British Labour Party's current defence policy of insisting on the removal of all American nuclear bases from the UK, while declaring continued loyal adherence to NATO, is not compatible with either the military or the political constitution of the Organisation in its present form. It is a policy that may work on paper and for the purposes of covering over the still existing chasms over defence on the Left. It implies, however, as Mr Lange is discovering in his less complicated Pacific context, a fundamental change in relations with the United States and in the treaty organisation itself.

This is clear both from what is now happening over New Zealand and from the previous experience of the Hawke Labour government in Australia. Bob Hawke's Labour party was also in favour of promoting a nuclear weapon free zone in the South Pacific. In office he made a half-hearted attempt to 'de-militarise' the ANZUS treaty, that is, to ban nuclear-powered or nuclear-armed ships from Australian harbours. (In this period, for example, *HMS Invincible* was refused permission to dock in Sydney.) But he backed down at once when he was told in no uncertain terms by Washington: 'No ships, no treaty'.

We now know that he went in fact even further in secretly agreeing that the Americans could test the forthcoming MX missile down Australian ranges. Under the Hawke government, Australia has become an increasingly integrated part of the American communications, command and supply organisation for the Pacific, going substantially beyond anything required by the ANZUS treaty itself.

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Two diametrically opposed processes are under way in the Pacific and they have collided in this action by the Lange government. The first is the growing pressure to make the Pacific a nuclear-free zone, an area taken out of the nuclear madness that grips the superpower systems. The second is the rapid escalation of the level of naval confrontation in the Pacific between the United States and the Soviet Union.

The Treaty of Tlatelolco in 1967 first established the principle of a Latin American Nuclear Weapon Free Zone calling all signatories to renounce: 'Testing, use, manufacture, production or acquisition by any means, as well as the receipt, storage, installation, deployment and any form of possessing nuclear weapons'. This treaty is the basis of the initiative for a similar zone in the South Pacific.

Continued French nuclear testing at Mururoa Atoll, only 1,000 miles north of New Zealand, and Japanese plans to dump radioactive waste in the Marianna Trench have been recent reasons for the growth of the anti-nuclear movement in New Zealand. Over 90 local authorities had already declared themselves to be 'nuclear free zones' by the time that the Labour government came to office.

At the same time the American military have reacted to the sudden emergence of a major Russian 'blue water capacity' in the Pacific, previously assumed to be an American sphere of influence. As well as the substantial Soviet naval capacity in the Indian Ocean, the Russians have had a growing naval presence at Can Rhan Bay in Vietnam since the 1978 Sino-Vietnamese war. The Reagan Administration is determined to prevent Soviet influence spreading in the region beyond Vietnam and is haunted by the prospect of the collapse of its client Marcos regime in the Philippines.

Defence Secretary Caspar Weinberger has made the Administration's policy in the area quite clear. It 'is not an area in which the terms equivalence or parity or other such formulation have any meaning. We must have naval superiority'. For such strategic thinking, one visit by one US ship to New Zealand after Exercise Sea Eagle is neither here nor there. But the prospect that a nuclear-free zone might be spread around the Pacific is seen as a threat to the operating capacity of the US Navy's largest command area. That is the central significance of the stand that the Lange government is taking. □

Straight from the horse's mouth

MOST TV interview transcripts turn out to be a disappointment to read as television is primarily a visual medium. The Prime Minister's interview with Peter Jay on Channel 4's *A Week in Politics* last Friday is an exception.

First a point that may have sounded a bit technical. Mrs Thatcher was asked whether we had yet reached what she would regard as the 'natural rate of unemployment'. She replied:

> It's not a doctrine to which I've subscribed. It's one which I think actually came in with Milton Friedman. I used to read about it . . . It's a theory to which I've never subscribed.

Since the core justification of the test to destruction to which the British economy and industry has been put since 1979 is that Keynesian economic policies to maintain full employment were self-defeating and that the only effective policy is to let unemployment rise until the labour market 'balances' naturally and inflation stops, the above sentences are the equivalent of the Pope admitting to not believing in God.

Beyond this rather fundamental point, the interview as a whole revealed that Thatcherism is not a coherent or expoundable body of theory. It is simply a concern to create a new culture — or rather to recreate an old culture, which as a matter of history created the conditions that produced the pressure for the embryo Welfare State under the Liberals 80 years ago. (Lord Stockton said recently in the House of Lords; 'I have long realised that the great figures in my old party have long ago given up Toryism and adopted Manchester liberalism of about 1860'. Mrs Thatcher when asked to comment replied: 'Well, perhaps you would like to translate it, because I'm not quite sure what he was alluding to'.)

There has never been any attempted explanation of the mechanism by which the achievement of this culture would change things for the better for the generality of British citizens and none was forthcoming last Friday. Just a series of assertions of a kind of Poujardist vision of a different society. Thus:

> . . . one of the differences between us and Japan — they have the creation of more small businesses; they have far more personal enterprise; they have far more enterprise culture . . . I've tried . . . by having tax incentives, by having share option schemes . . . we'll only get more people employed by the creation of more small businesses and more self-employment . . . the United States has free enterprise built into her constitution. She has no socialist party and no danger of ever having one . . . She is the last safe haven, everyone's safe haven for their money.

The contrast in tone when the Prime Minister spoke about those less fortunate was complete. They were a drag. It was a drag on enterprise that the NHS had improved its service over 25 years. Social security payments, heating allowances, supplementary benefits, housing benefits — all were a drag on the Thatcher enterprise culture.

But, do not despair. We are doing something about it.

> And so, yes, we are in fact looking already at the long term social security and Norman Fowler has a review on it. We're looking at it, but you cannot do it suddenly.

The Thatcher cat was finally and completely out of the bag. □

HELP TIGRAYANS, VICTIMS OF THE UNOFFICIAL FAMINE

Aid sent through the Ethiopian government is not reaching 90% of the drought and famine affected people of Tigray, Northern Ethiopia.

As a result, since October, over 70,000 Tigrayans have died and 3,000 are fleeing daily to Sudan.

Aid through REST — the only organisation working directly in Tigray — can stop this.

Help us keep people alive and through our terracing, water conservation and road building programmes help them become self-sufficient.

HELP TIGRAY FEED ITSELF

Relief Society of Tigray UK Committee, PO Box 720, W5 4TE.
Reg Charity Number 284394, Bank Account Number 40293777,
Nat West Bank, 78 Northfields Avenue, London W13 9RS.

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SCOTS LABOUR LIVID AT FREE SPEAKING AUDITOR

ANGER is growing in Scotland among Labour councillors and some senior local authority officials over alleged political interference by the Local Authority Controller of Audit, James Troman. This follows his recent outspoken criticism of Labour-controlled Dundee district council over expenditure on meals and drink for councillors. ROB EDWARDS reports

INVESTIGATING a complaint from an opposition Scottish National Party councillor, Troman concluded in the matter of the food and drink that Dundee hadn't acted illegally, but he attacked the spending of over £14.00 a head on food and drink as 'of doubtful value, extravagant and unreasonable'.

Although some senior Labour councillors admit 'surprise' at the costs involved, they've condemned Troman's expression of a 'subjective' opinion. Last week the city's chief executive, James Hoey, wrote to Troman accusing him of making 'gratuitous judgments' about councillors' behaviour — and arguing that he should have stuck to matters of fact. Troman defends his action on the grounds that there's a great deal of public interest in the matter.

The Dundee case, though not black and white, has fuelled suspicions about the more overtly political role apparently being played by the Controller of Audit in recent years. In 1982 the Controller issued seven reports criticising the policies of Labour councils. One — issued a few days before the regional elections at which Labour lost control — accused Lothian regional council of breaking the law by not reducing its rates in line with government demands.

Two others accused Dundee and Stirling of the same offence. When, over a year later, the three cases came to the Court of Session, they were thrown out on a technicality. Dundee, Aberdeen and Hamilton were criticised for not maintaining an 'equitable balance' between the interests of ratepayers and tenants. Dundee was picked on a third time over its refusal to sell council houses.

In 1983 Labour-controlled Stirling and East Lothian district councils were also criticised over council house sales. Last year four other Labour authorities in Strathclyde were accused of using public funds to distribute politically biased leaflets.

Currently the Controller is 'keeping an eye on' council donations to striking miners and their families, although he has yet to find anything illegal. He has particularly annoyed the Labour administration on Fife Regional Council, which has given approaching £1.5 million to miners' families. Group leader Henry McLeish says that officials have been subject to 'excessive scrutiny' and accuses the Controller of wasting his time. McLeish thinks it's now necessary to review the Controller's role, and would like to see a much greater emphasis on helping authorities gain more value for money, as in England and Wales.

Troman agrees on the need to develop better 'value for money' audit services, but shrugs off accusations of political bias. ●

Van Zyl Steyn on the bench

THE LORD Chancellor's office is stonewalling enquiries about its decision last week to appoint an Afrikaaner lawyer as a judge of the High Court (Queen's Bench Division).

Johan van Zyl Steyn, QC, 52, the new appointment, has been practicising in this country since 1973. He commenced practice at the South African Bar in 1958 and was appointed senior counsel of the Supreme Court, Cape, in 1970. In April 1968 he appeared for the South African police and the Department of Education before a Commission investigating riots in Paarl, Cape.

He told the Commission for his clients that Poqo, the military wing of the Pan African Congress (PAC), had been 'openly plotting the destruction' of South Africa and the 'liquidation' of whites. And that evidence and documents 'proved beyond doubt' that Poqo actions were directed from Basutoland (now Lesotho).

Steyn added in his representations to the Commission that the PAC policy to overthrow white rule 'matched the already known policy of the Pan Africanist Congress formed in October 1945, in Manchester, England, at a conference attended by, among others, Kwame Nkrumah and Jomo Kenyatta.'

Steyn is reticent about discussing his legal career in South Africa. The senior clerk at his Lincoln's Inn chambers says he's instructed to 'block' all press calls — 'There'll be no interviews and no photographs'.

Wiseman Khuzwayo

Andrew Wiard/Report

PASSERS-BY have long been baffled by these writings on the railway wall along Farringdon Road in London's EC1. Yet more stern denunciations of the Tisdall-perfidious Guardian, *whose offices are almost opposite? Merely the mysterious messages of the deranged? The time has come for them to be decoded. They're the overflow of the political warfare going on in William Rust House on the other side of the road, home of the* Morning Star *and London District Committee of the Communist Party. The first message — 'How long is a piece of string?' is a direct quotation from Mary Rosser, the secretary of the People's Press Printing Society (PPPS) wich owns the* Morning Star. *It was her reply to a question about how many trade union papers the PPPS would have to print under its 'survival plan' to make a profit. It must be assumed the graffito came from her enemies. In October, after national organiser Ian McKay was sent into the London District — another hotbed of opposition, like the* Star *itself, to the Communist Party leadership — to prevent the hardliners getting total administrative control, a new message was written underneath. It read 'Long enough for you McKay' followed by a drawing of a gallows. Some weeks later, a sympathiser of McKay's daubed out the name and the gallows, since restored. And now the message has been turned into the rather ambivalent 'We long for you McKay'. This may or may not be a reference to the anticipated charm of Ian McKay's singing at the annual February Burns' night supper in Lambeth, where he competes with Stuart Holland, Vauxhall's MP, for the accolade of best voice on the Left. Watch this hundred yard long space.* ●

Concern over health of PTA detainees

CONCERN is being expressed about the mental health of one of the six people charged in Liverpool over the New Year with conspiracy to cause explosions. This follows allegations of harsh and disorientating interrogations by Merseyside Special Branch officers of a Prevention of Terrorism Act detainee who was questioned at the same time but released without charge.

The detainee, who wishes to remain anonymous for fear of reprisals, was picked up in Bristol on New Year's Eve and held for seven days in Liverpool's Bridewell police station. He claims that during his detention he was kept cold and hungry, and rapidly became disorientated due to the irregular hours of his nine interrogations. Requests to use the toilet or for more drinking water were, he claims, frequently refused.

But most frightening of all were the threats of long term imprisonment. Pointing to a prisoner's birthday greeting in a Republican newspaper one officer allegedly said: 'There's a space down here vacant for you, you bastard. I hope you haven't bought any Xmas presents for your kids for the next year because we see you going down for the next 15-20 years.'

The PTA detainee's allegations are being taken 'seriously' by the NCCL who are unhappy about the conditions in Liverpool's Bridewell police station for long-term detainees. Commenting on the case, Ms Lia Dover, an NCCL research worker on the PTA, says 'The allegations do correspond to a pattern that occurs with a number of PTA detainees, who do say that they are threatened with long term imprisonment.'

His story has compounded concern for the health of Billy Grimes, 43, from Dublin, who is now being held in the prison hospital at Arnley remand centre, near Leeds. Grimes's family and Irish MP Tony Gregory all say they've been shocked by his mental condition and 'psychological disorientation'. Grimes, who is charged with conspiracy, is already receiving outside medical care, but appears to observers to be totally withdrawn and cannot conduct any lengthy conversation or concentrate long enough to answer questions on his own case.

Kevin Toolis

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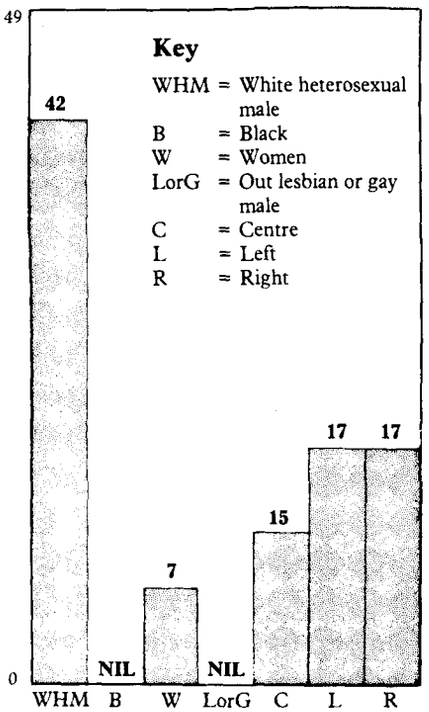
Exclusionary policy of *What the Papers Say*

THIS WEEK has seen the annual *What the Papers Say* awards to journalists for our fevered efforts, and Trade & Industry minister Tebbit will be on screen this Friday night (C4) presiding over 5 February's Savoy ceremonies, hosted by *Granada*. However, what sort of award, if any, does *What the Papers Say* itself deserve?

It was launched in 1956 by *Granada*. The format of opinionated comment on the week's papers plus voice-overs to read the presenter's selections has been a coup, still pulling 600,000 viewers even as the show nears its 30th anniversary, and providing the weekly staple underlying the prestigious awards.

The top-name guest presenters in the course of a year include many redoubtable figures (not least the *NS*'s own political editor, Peter Kellner). But analysis of the *kinds* of journalists who are invited - or consent to - watchdog the press in this flagship show, week on week, indicates extraordinarily narrow direct representation of the genuine variety of people who read the nationals. The effort to achieve a successful Left/Right balance is evident, but is there really such an absence of skilled commentators to 'present' for non-white, non-male, and non-straight viewpoints?

Our table (*below*) suggests a brick in the eye for *Granada* for its 1984 performance: a politics of omission by which the prime beneficiaries of the media system are overwhelmingly chosen to be the commentators on it. On the other hand, backhanded compliment, perhaps *Granada* is really to be congratulated on providing us in the course of the year, via its 'balance' of presenters, with an exact replica of how real power is distributed in Fleet Street. ●



The dog eats dog slot

In 1984 there were 49 editions of Granada's What the Papers Say, *in which of course journalists are invited to comment on the week's press. This chart is our stab at a breakdown of what sort of people get TV's most prestigious chance of praising or rubbishing the print meejah. The breakdown, which includes return appearances by some guest presenters, is by gender, race, apparent sexual orientation, and Left, Centre, or Right commitment (our estimates). Is this 'balance'?*

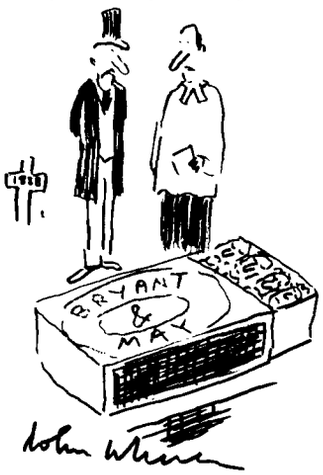
1984 presenters of *What the Papers Say*

6 Jan	**Peter McKay**
13 Jan	**Russell Davies**
20 Jan	**Alan Rusbridger**
27 Jan	**Gus Macdonald**
3 Feb	**Mary Holland**
10 Feb	**Oliver Pritchett**
17 Feb	**Anthony Howard**
24 Feb	**Peter Paterson**
2 Mar	**Christopher Hird**
9 Mar	**Simon Hoggart**
16 Mar	**George Gale**
23 Mar	**Derek Jameson**
30 Mar	**Brian Inglis**
13 Apr	**Simon Winchester**
20 Apr	**Melanie Phillips**
27 Apr	**Peter McKay**
4 May	**Joe Haines**
11 May	**Godfrey Hodgson**
18 May	**Peter Paterson**
25 May	**George Gale**
1 June	**Julie Davidson**
8 June	**Anthony Howard**
15 June	**Alexander Chancellor**
22 June	**Margaret van Hattem**
29 June	**Peter Hennessy**
6 July	**Peter Kellner**
13 July	**Godfrey Hodgson**
20 July	**Max Hastings**
27 July	**Joe Haines**
2 Aug	**Peter McKay**
16 Aug	**Hugo Young**
23 Aug	**Derek Jameson**
30 Aug	**Julie Davidson**
6 Sept	**Edward Pearce**
13 Sept	**Godfrey Hodgson**
20 Sept	**Anthony Howard**
27 Sept	**Sue Cameron**
5 Oct	**Christopher Ward**
11 Oct	**Russell Davies**
18 Oct	**Peter Hennessy**
25 Oct	**Peter Kellner**
2 Nov	**Alastair Hetherington**
9 Nov	**Godfrey Hodgson**
16 Nov	**Alexander Chancellor**
23 Nov	**Margaret van Hattem**
30 Nov	**Derek Jameson**
7 Dec	**Max Hastings**
14 Dec	**Jimmy Reid**
21 Dec	**Peter McKay**

MISCELLANY

Scarcely illuminating

The National Museum of Labour History in Limehouse town hall, set up 10 years ago, has had to turn down an exhibition about the 19th century 'Match girls' offered by the leisure service of Hackney council (leader: strongly-Left Hilda Kean). Museum director Terry McCarthy was shocked by what he sees as the soft-pedalling of the women's suffering working for Bryant & May in the 1880s, when apart from the awful working



conditions and pay there were the notorious cases of phosphorous-induced cancer. Called A Striking Success, *the exhibition commemorates the 1888 strike by the 'girls', and has been prompted by the depositing of Bryant & May's Hackney archives in the borough library. '. . . most of the girls seemed rosy-cheeked and well-nourished', reads one of the Victorian reports quoted in the show. But where, asks McCarthy, is any reference to (eg) 'The working girls are the most miserably paid, getting only some 8s a week, and yet the company [Bryant & May] during the first six months of its existence paid out £33,000 to shareholders' (Tom Mann,* Of Bryant & May, *1886)? It just wasn't comprehensive enough to offer to students as industrial history, feels McCarthy.*

Very peculiar customs

Well fancy, as they say, that — within hours of receiving a temperate letter of rebuke, not to mention a few hours after publication of last week's issue of the *NS* in the London area (31 January), Customs were on the blower to tell the magazine *Gay News* that despite a previous seizure notice they're releasing the review copy book they pounced on at Dover, *Homosexualite à L'Ecran*. The temperate letter was from *Gay News*' editor Ian Dunmore. And *Miscellany* (as no doubt you saw) pointed out last week that the book was on order by the National Film Theatre, a circumstance which could have led to the Min Arts confronting a wonderfully embarassing, and indeed overdue, question on prime time Lords TV: 'Will the noble Lord assure us that he will be endeavouring to protect British cultural institutions from HM Customs as well as from the Getty?' P.S. the British Film Institute has the French film buffs' book in its library already.

Going in cycles

Labour's leaders in the Lords are trying to recover from the serious embarrassment caused by a former PPS to Nye Bevan riding on a tandem bicycle with the Institute of Directors' lobby over the Insolvency (or as it's now known 'Rogue Directors') Bill. Responding to recommendations from the Cork Committee the government had sought to make directors prove innocence following compulsory liquidations. But accountant Lord Bruce of Donnington, sometime Labour MP Donald Bruce and sometime PPS to Nye Bevan, felt it was an outrage — and 'a non-party issue' — to presume directors guilty until expensively proved innocent. The forceful Lord Bruce carried the Lords Labour Party meeting with him. The result was that this chunk of the Bill was knocked out by 95 to 47 with the victorious coalition made up of a mixture of Labour and Alliance peers and City Tories led by Lords Seebohm (an ex vice-chair of Barclays Bank), Benson and Chorley (both partners in Coopers & Lybrand, the giant accountancy firm). The Labour peers were still so confused this week that on an amendment to protect consumer prepayments into rogue companies, the Labour Whips in the Lords abstained, while many of their followers voted to protect consumers.

Ana Gram freaks (15)

Every time we lay bare the shoulders of another top Tory so you can apply lashes of ingenuity, there are some among you who complain you didn't get a fair crack of the whip — we went to press too fast, you say, for you to get your letters to us. So in a special tribute to the Transport Minister, and the unbounded admiration he inspires in all *NS* readers, here's the unique accolade: we do him twice. For instance, John Carvel, the *Guardian's* whizz on local government affairs, has sent us 'He idly cons rail', and 'A chilly ride, son'. Bushels of you, sackloads, wish Nicholas Ridley 'Icy roads in hell'. Catrin Green of Cardiff advises 'Do yell in his car'. But from Stan Smith of Dundee University (*P.S. we didn't get the* NS *till Monday this week up here'* — oh, dear!), and also from Chris Brookes of SW19, comes the colossal, the definitive, Ridleygram Y'LL RIDE IN CHAOS. Norman Fowler's cooking nicely. Do send more. And after him . . .mmm, yes. . . Alexander Patrick Greysteil Hore-Ruthven, please. Which isn't a railway station in Wales. It is, as you know, Lord Gowrie, Dismantler of the Heritage.

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Peace Protests Roll Call (11)

Total arrested to date in UK and Eire: 6,541

Capenhurst Uranium Enrichment Plant, Cheshire
The final 9 women appeared in Chester Mags. Court on 3 Dec. All 9 were found guilty of criminal damage. Five women have been asked to pay £180 each incl. compensation and court costs, one woman has to pay £110, one has to pay £120 and two have to pay £90. The total amount of fines to be paid by the 19 women involved in this action in March '84 amounts to £2,785.
4.1.85. At Chester Magistrates a woman was fined £100 plus £20 costs for Obstr. of the highway & police officer during the CANUC demo against the use of Namibian Uranium at BNFL Capenhurst on 2 Nov '84.
3.1.85. Patricia Pulham and Anthony Crawford were both given 28 day sentences at Chester magistrates after they refused to be bound over. The two had successfully placed Kryptonite locks on two gates at BNFL Capenhurst which were impossible to remove by boltcutters and had to be burned off with oxyacetylene welding equipment. Patricia will be in prison until **22 Feb** and would appreciate letters and reading material: write to her at: **Patricia Pulham, HM Prison, Styal, Nr. Wilmslow, Cheshire.**

Hastings
The four people arrested and charged with Wilful obstr. when the cruise convoy was on the roads were each cond. discharged for 12 months when they appeared in court on 29 November.

Sculthorpe USAF base, Norfolk **27**
12.01.85. 27 people arrested for cutting perimeter fence with hacksaws as part of Norfolk's 'Snowball' campaign. Those arrested will appear in groups of 6 from 12 Feb up to and including 12 March. A great deal of help is needed for the 'Snowball' campaign in May and July — if you can help please contact **Angie Zelter, Valley Farmhouse, East Runton, Cromer, Norfolk.**

London, Parliament Square (correction) **30**
(12 incl. in Roll Call 10)
20.11.84. A total of 42 people were arrested and not only 12 as stated in Roll Call 10. 2 juveniles were released without charge and 40 charged with 'Obstruction of the Highway' and bailed to appear in two different courts. A bindover was accepted by 14 people (7 in the sum of £75 for 1 yr and 7 in the sum of £100 for 1 yr). Of the 25 pleading not guilty 13 were given cond. bail which was reduced at a further hearing and the restriction lifted. One person failed to appear and a warrant was issued. (Thanks to John Drane for writing with this information).

London, Ministry of Defence, Catholic Peace Action **9**
15.01.85. 9 members of Catholic Peace Action arrested after chaining themselves to doors of the MoD in Whitehall. 5 charged with obstruction and breach of the peace.

London, MoD Whitehall
The 7 peace campers from Faslane who are charged with 'painting' the MoD in June have to appear at Southwark Crown Court on 4 Feb at 10.45 am.

Faslane Peace Camp, Scotland
The trial of the 5 women charged with Br. of the Peace and endangering their own and workmen's lives has been further adjourned until 25 April '85.
The trial for the 4 people who allegedly occupied cranes on MoD property commenced on 4 Dec. William Peden and Timothy Roberts were each fined £120. Social enquiry reports were sought for the other two. After the court received the social enquiry reports one person was given a period of community service and the other 60 days imprisonment with no appeal.

Boscombe Down, Salisbury Plain
Oct. '84. 3 persons chopped landing lights situated outside the perimeter fence causing an estimated £5,000 damage. The persons concerned were not caught. A new camp has been set up at Boscombe Down and a march/demo is planned for 23/24 Feb at 12 noon at the camp. For more details please 'phone **'BEATLE' on 0980 620842 after 6pm.**

Sun. 20 Jan '85. 6 women who entered USAF Greenham to inspect hangars prior to return of cruise missiles launchers were arrested and handed over by US soldiers to MoD. They later protested to an MoD officer (number 1835) when US officers came to question them. It has often been denied in court that Americans are present during questioning or that any information is passed on to them by the MoD. . .

Please send new information to ***Janey Hulme*** *at the* New Statesman. *Further arrest details, for which we have no space here, will appear in later Roll Calls.*

Did Iqbal say 'galti', not 'guilty' as alleged?

IQBAL BEGUM, the 41 year old Asian woman who was sentenced to life imprisonment by Birmingham Crown Court in October 1981 for the murder of her husband, has won leave to appeal in a case that may revolve around the languages that she and others used.

It was given in evidence at the 1981 trial that both she and her children suffered violence from her husband Mohammad Sharif (she was Sharif's second wife). In May 1981, in the course of a quarrel over two of their sons, she claims to have used an iron bar to defend herself in terror that she and the two sons would be beaten to death.

Her husband died in hospital. She was taken to Bromford Rd police station, in Birmingham. Police were sufficiently worried by her state of shock to call a doctor and a duty solicitor, Peter Barnet of Barnet & Barnet. The solicitor found an interpreter.

Just what happened next will be for the Court of Appeal in London to consider — probably in the last part of April. Iqbal Begum's supporters understand that police in Bromford Rd produced a statement by Iqbal Begum written down in Punjabi, but believe that she herself only reads or writes in Urdu.

Language barriers?

Her supporters say that for the entire period between her arrest and the start of her trial on 5 October 1981 she remained silent in the presence of her solicitor and the interpreter. It's further asserted that the interpreter wasn't qualified in her mother tongue of Mirpuri.

The most extraordinary allegation is that when under pressure she at last *did* speak, during a trial that lasted just 20 minutes, she was the victim of an absolutely critical misunderstanding. She muttered *'galti'* (it is said), meaning 'mistake' in Urdu. The court supposed her to be saying *guilty*.

Iqbal Begum's solicitor for the Appeal, Ms Bharati Pattni, has interviewed the interpreter who was provided in 1981, and the interpreter has stated to her that his Urdu is limited and that it's possible that not everything he said may have been understood by Iqbal Begum.

The *Free Iqbal Begum Campaign* is pointing out that there have been a number of suspended sentences in cases of white women facing charges comparable to hers.

Amrit Wilson

CORRECTION

Option schemes

Ahem. We didn't get it quite right with our first options scoreboard (*NS* 1 February). But we'll get there. Capital gains tax (30 per cent) will fall to be levied on Key Employee share option gains instead of income tax (usually 60 per cent), so — eg — ICI chair John Harvey-Jones' notional options gain at 24 January under the new legislation equals £852,000 in taxable salary, not £1.2 million as stated. The 'take-home' value of share options gains nonetheless nearly doubled under last August's Finance Act. We'll continue monitoring.

GLC explores private rental sector woes

A POLL to find out what's going on in the private rental sector of London has been done by the Greater London Council. Findings due out this Friday (8 February) are to show — based on a sample of 2,000 tenants — that over half lettings made since 1980 are 'unprotected', that is offer no security of tenure or right to 'fair' rent. And nearly 50 per cent of private tenants are ignorant about their true legal status.

These results will further inflame argument about the future of the fast shrinking private rented sector, and affect calls for reform of Rent Act legislation. Despite widespread evidence of evasion of the Rent Acts by private landlords, the 1982 Environment Committee enquiry into the private rented sector was handicapped by a lack of up to date information. It recommended the government carry out a survey, but the Department of Environment ruled this impractical.

Scarcely surprisingly, the GLC's new results support a belief that market prices in central London form the greatest pressure on tenants. A higher proportion there than elsewhere say they've suffered some form of harassment. Although perhaps statistically small, the total number of tenants who, extrapolating from the survey, have experienced harassment by their landlord is an alarming 17,000.

Confirmation is accordingly provided for the Environment Committee's view that the private rented sector is 'poor value for money.' For it is some of the poorest people, with no access to public housing or owner occupation, who pay the highest rents.

The initial report will be extended and, when complete, is bound to intensify pressure for improved conditions for private tenants, and more public investment in homes for rent.

Sue Balding

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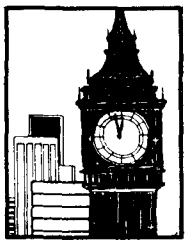

HUGH STEPHENSON

Where lending is harder than borrowing

IN THIS SPACE last week I reluctantly took issue with Roy Hattersley over his latest scheme for the regeneration of British industry. Since then the Hattersley scheme seemed to get the personal endorsement of Neil Kinnock on the BBC's *Today* programme. (His copy of the *NS* must have been late getting to him.)

Magic solutions to long-standing and intractable problems usually turn out to be flawed and this magic solution is no exception. It is, therefore, important that it does not slide without further examination or discussion through the Labour Party's policy committees into becoming a tablet of stone.

What is being proposed is deceptively simple. It also has the political attraction of seeming to be designed to clobber bogies of socialism - those faceless conduits of capital, the City's 'investment institutions', cast somewhat in the role of latter-day, domestic Gnomes of Zurich.

The scheme, you will remember, is based on three propositions:

1. 'For economic growth to be both substantial and sustained it is necessary for the next Labour government to have at its disposal substantial sums which it can invest directly in British industry.'
2. 'We cannot finance all the new investment by borrowing and taxation.'
3. 'Fortunately it [the new capital that the country needs] is ready to hand - the vast amounts of British money which have been invested abroad by investment institutions.'

The mechanics of the scheme then require the removal of enough tax privileges from investment institutions which do not repatriate the required volume of investments and lend it to the government via a new National Investment Bank to make it an offer they cannot refuse.

The sleight of hand involved here is the illusion that money raised in this way would not be 'borrowing or taxation'. It would be borrowing, pure and simple. The fact that it would *de facto* be a *forced* loan does not alter the reality that the money would be coming from exactly the same institutions and funds as currently buy the bulk of any new government stock when it is put on sale by the government broker. If the investment institutions were very unhappy about the amount of money they were being forced to put into the new NIB by the operation of what historians would come to know as 'Hattersley's Fork', they would put less into conventional government debt.

The result, since they would be subject to more draconian exchange controls under this scheme than ever before, is that they would put more into the only other things readily available to them in the UK - the stock market, property and land, whose prices would all go up. Not for the first time since 1945 a measure introduced by a Labour government in the name of giving the economy and industry a shove towards socialism would end up giving private capitalism a huge shot in the arm.

No, the problem has to be faced squarely. A future Labour government *will* need substantial sums to be invested directly in British industry and they will have to be found either by borrowing or taxation. The task would have been much easier over the past decade, when North Sea oil revenue was rising hugely. But that opportunity has been lost by a government that has frittered away what was a monumental windfall gain to the British economy on tax cuts to the better off, continuing high current expenditure and the financing of dole queues. In the long history of British industrial decline the period of the last five years will go down as the most wantonly lost opportunity.

Labour mythology about the City is still much influenced by the temporary 'strikes' by investment institutions against buying gilts under the last Labour government. It is certainly true that the traditional method by which the government borrows is often inefficient, largely because the institutions all operate in response to the same stimuli and behave in consequence like a herd.

But the fact (Master Lawson, please copy out these lines a hundred times) is that the UK has a lower public sector borrowing requirement as a proportion of its gross national product than most other industrial countries and a more highly developed system of institutional saving. The system has the capacity to absorb a substantially larger amount of government borrowing on a voluntary basis. Any government, particularly an incoming Labour government, has the ways and means of ensuring that the market takes up the borrowing more smoothly than it has done in the past. A comprehensive and detailed new tax regime for our savings institutions (even if it worked as intended, which is doubtful) is not required.

THE REAL PROBLEM is not how to *raise* money to be invested in a regeneration of British industry. Paradoxically, the real problem is how to *spend* it; or rather how to spend it effectively in the context of a socialist economic and industrial policy.

It is a cliché of the present financial system that there is 'no shortage of investment money for viable projects'. The proposition is, of course, entirely circular, because it implicitly defines a viable project as one which meets the criteria required to qualify for investment. But a socialist investment strategy cannot just abandon all criteria.

All experience shows that, once established, national or regional enterprise boards or investment banks come under heavy pressure to use their funds to preserve existing jobs. It is an important social and economic function. But it is not itself distinctively socialist investment banking.

There is also strong evidence that investment has been inhibited for a long period in the UK by the fact that the real cost of capital is too high in relation to the prospective profitability of possible projects. This gap could be closed by government subsidy on the cost of borrowing. But this would not by itself need new institutions. The Industry Act and the existing banking system can and have been used to pass on such subsidies.

There are three elements in the present situation that do suggest themselves for examination. The first is that there is a major shortage not in the *supply* of investment finance, but in the *demand* for it. A new investment bank should, therefore, actively promote and finance new companies.

The second is that the existing capital markets, because of the need to satisfy the demands of institutional and other shareholders, require projects to show the possibility of profit in much too short a time-scale. Existing and established industrial companies have investment programmes where the required time-scale for a return on the money invested is a decade or more. New companies and new projects, though, will not normally get the time of day from the City unless a project looks profitable within two to four years. That in itself chokes off much activity that could and should be a productive investment over a longer period.

The third element is the way in which the existence of public and institutional shareholding can inhibit investment. Pilkington, the St Helens glass manufacturer, was still a private and family-owned company when it introduced its 'float glass' system that has since revolutionised the glass industry worldwide. It is said that the then board would not have felt that it could have taken such a large and long-term investment risk if it had been conventionally owned by a spread of institutional and other shareholders, for whose continuing flow of regular dividends it would have felt responsible.

No doubt there are other areas in which an NIB could explore a new style and purpose of investment banking. But it would need to build on the past experience and mistakes of its many predecessors - the NEB, the IRC and others. It is much easier to borrow £20 billion over a period under government guarantee than to spend it sensibly. □

Peter Kellner will be back next week.

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COMING TO THE AID OF THE PARTY

Larry Whitty was last week elected to the 'worst job in politics': General Secretary of the Labour Party. John Rentoul looks at the task facing him at party headquarters in Walworth Road

LARRY WHITTY's first task as the new Labour Party General Secretary will be to make sure that he goes on having a party organisation to administer. About 80 per cent of the party's income comes from trade unions whose members are to be balloted before March 1986, on whether they want to carry on funding the party.

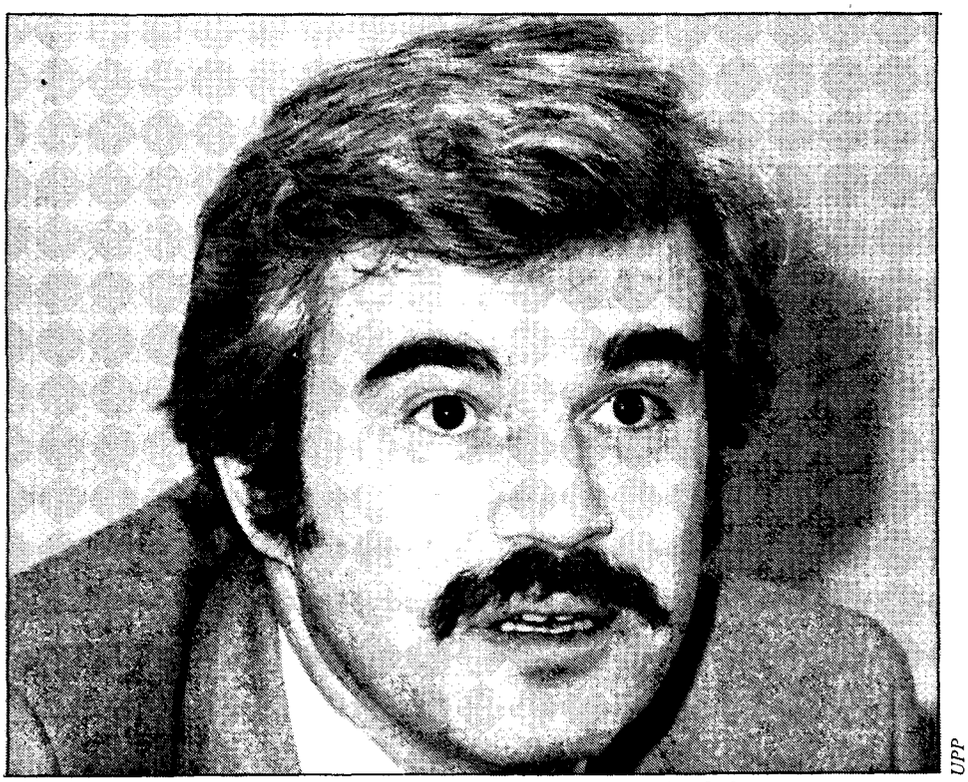
Technically the ballots, required by the 1984 Trade Union Act, are on whether the unions should retain 'political funds'. But as all these funds are used directly or indirectly to support the Labour Party, the ballots will inevitably be a test of Labour Party support.

Whitty's first hand experience of the state of the link between the Labour Party and the unions (he was secretary of Trade Unions for Labour Victory) prompted Graham Allen, who is co-ordinating the unions' campaign to win political fund ballots, to welcome his as 'the best possible appointment'. By the time Whitty takes up his post - Jim Mortimer hasn't said when he'll step down as General Secretary, but it's expected to be in May or June - the unions will have decided whether to go for the 'big bang' strategy of holding all their ballots on, say, the day of Mrs Thatcher's speech to the 1985 Conservative Party conference, or for the 'rolling ballot' strategy of throwing the most winnable unions into the fray first.

Trade unions contributed £3 million of the party's £3.8 million income in 1983 (the latest figures). The effects of the political fund ballots are entirely unpredictable, however, because some of the largest contributors are also the hardest to win. The Transport and General Workers' Union, for instance, paid £625,000, while a MORI poll carried out in February 1984 showed a 56-36 per cent majority against funding the Labour Party. The TGWU in any case pays its affiliation fee to the Labour Party on the basis of 98 per cent of its members paying the political levy. Publicity emphasising the right of anti-Labour members to contract out of paying the levy is certain to reduce this contribution.

'I don't think you need a total panic crisis budget,' says Whitty, 'but we need to plan the forward restructuring of the party on the basis that income will be slightly less than now.'

Although the General Secretary heads the party HQ, the 32-member NEC is ultimately responsible for Walworth Road. But the NEC is elected (by the party's annual conference) on the basis of factional slates and horse-trading. It operates and votes on the basis of political conflict; its members have always been more interested in policy than in the nuts and bolts of organisation. Robin Cook, the MP for Livingstone who ran Kinnock's leadership campaign, stood for the NEC last year on a 'party organisation' platform and won only 179,000 votes against 330,000 for Audrey Wise, the lowest on the 'Left' slate.



UPP

Larry Whitty: can he get the machine to work if no one knows what it's for?

Walworth Road's 120 staff (there are a further 133 staff around the country) work in seven departments, and all power in the building is concentrated in the weekly 10-strong meeting of department heads (the seven are joined by the two assistant national agents and the editor of *Labour Weekly*). This hierarchical structure stifles initiative among the staff and tends to block communication between departments. It allows the party to opt for bureaucratic responses in the absence of political direction.

Three department heads in particular, Nick Grant (publicity), Jenny Little (international) and Tony Duckworth (finance), will fight 'tooth and nail' against change and against Whitty, according to one observer. In the past they have been able to veto change, in alliance with Mortimer.

THE FAILURE to see a political role for the Labour Party outside Parliament has left Walworth Road isolated and introverted. Specifically, it lacks a dynamic relationship with constituency parties, the parliamentary party and trade unions:

- Constituency Labour Parties (CLPs), to which all individual members of the party belong in the first instance, are virtually autonomous and have little contact with the wider party other than sending a delegate to national conference.
- The Labour Party at Westminster employs in total about 250 staff and gets nearly £3 million of public money a year: the Parliamentary Labour Party (PLP) gets £440,000 a year - a third each for the PLP's own secretariat, the shadow cabinet and the Leader's Office - and MPs get a £12,000 'secretarial' allowance, although much of this is spent on constituency work. £15,000 of this finds its way to Walworth Road, but otherwise the parliamentary party is a separate, uncoordinated body enviously regarded as the heart of power and influence.
- The trade unions that are affiliated to the Labour Party, as Larry Whitty well knows, mostly have contacts with the party at the top level. It is union general secretaries, not the shop stewards, who go to meetings at Walworth Road.

The fate of last year's modest proposal to merge the international and research departments - it was blocked by the NEC - suggests that Neil Kinnock may not have had the freedom of action attributed to him. The new NEC elected at last year's conference (despite Robin Cook's failure to get elected) may be more willing to take reform seriously. Not only does its 17-8 NEC vote to choose Whitty imply a strong mandate for change, but all three candidates on the final short list told the NEC that the 'heads of department' system

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The 'Review of Reviews'

John Garrett, a management consultant and former Labour MP, reviewed the six studies of Labour Party organisation 1967-84 in March-May last year. The main recommendations of the studies are summarised below:

Party Headquarters (Walworth Road)

- Appointment of a Director of Finance and Administration
- Forward planning and budgeting
- Participatory management style
- Greater co-ordination of Research, International and Press and Publicity departments
- Clearer lines of communication with MPs, regional organisation and constituency parties
- Study of new technology

Only the last has been implemented: an Information Systems Work Plan has been drawn up and will be submitted to the NEC.

Party Organisation outside Head Office (Regional Offices and Agents)

- Clearer role-definition and setting of priorities
- Procedures for long-term planning and review
- Need to move from administration (policing disputes in local councils and Constituency Labour Parties) to campaigning, publicity and political education

Two issues not covered by the remit of the 'Review of Reviews' were the question of relative balance between head office and regions (the decline in the number of full-time agents has already been reversed in order to maintain organisation in marginal constituencies), and the role and servicing of Constituency Labour Parties.

would have to go.

The logic of change is building up in other ways. Although all the same 10 department heads are *still* in place - 20 months after Labour's most disastrous election defeat - many of the other staff have changed.

There has also been a change in the Parliamentary Labour Party's organisation. For some time before the 1983 election relations between them and Walworth Road were bitter. The shift of the PLP to the left, and the fact that right-wing Labour MPs are no longer supported by young 'right-wing Labour' researchers (they've all gone to the SDP), has improved the relationship markedly. This has been assisted by a new system of joint shadow cabinet-NEC committees to replace the faction-ridden labyrinth of the Home Policy Committee (a subcommittee of the NEC) and its subcommittees and working groups.

The other promising area is the computerisation project, on which Whitty thinks the party has made 'a reasonable start'. Walworth Road has had a new mini-computer (Hewlett Packard HP3000) for over a year, and regional offices now have Apricot mico-computers which will be linked up to it. 'I would hope that new technology is being used not only to improve the administration of Walworth Road but also to improve communications with party members and between the party and trade unions,' says Whitty.

Given the urgent need for fund raising initiatives, the party's failure to assemble a national membership list on computer (or anything else) is striking. Whitty acknowledges that the party has the technology, but takes a pragmatic view of the difficulty in putting together the information. Many constituency parties don't even have a full list of members other than the handwritten portions of membership cards they retain after issuing the card. 'We are not going to get a 100 per cent membership list immediately,' he says. 'If we can do 50 per cent we'll be doing fairly well.'

Computers may also break the log jam of Walworth Road's departmental structure; the small computer unit is nominally answerable to the finance department (new technology is said to have 'passed by' the administration officer Roger Robinson), but has some independence and wants to be directly responsible to the General Secretary. Its members take considerable satisfaction from the Tycom computer debacle at Tory Central Office (*NS* 4 January) - 'It couldn't have happened to a nicer group of people,' says one.

Of course there is bungling at Walworth Road. During the Enfield by-election campaign members of the National Union of Journalists in the publicity department stopped work in protest at the drafting in of former *Tribune* journalist Chris Jones as press officer, while full-time vacancies remained unfilled. But now we know there is bungling at the Tory HQ too.

The Tories' Tycom disaster also points up the fact that many criticisms of Labour Party organisation are based on envy of the *assumed* slickness of the Tory machine and its propaganda. The Conservative Party may be richer, but the envy reflects what is at root a political problem. 'If the Labour Party had twice as much money as the Tories, it would do everything twice as badly,' one former MP has said. The perceived lack of co-ordination, professionalism and computerisation reflects the political desire for a clearer understanding of what the party is for and what its values are. □

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PUBLIC TRANSPORT

RUN-AWAY BUS SERVICES

Buses offer many people, especially the elderly, women and children, their only freedom to travel. The new transport Bill could seriously curtail that freedom reports Mick Hamer

THE BUSES BILL, as the 1985 Transport Bill should be called, has three main aims: to hive off as many of Britain's buses as possible to the private sector; to eliminate public subsidy to local public transport as far as possible; and to pave the way for the closure of railway lines.

As the brainchild of the doctrinaire Transport Secretary Nicholas Ridley, the Bill is based on a very simplistic assumption. So far, subsidies have risen, fares have risen and services have been cut. This, in Ridleythink, is because State intervention in the form of subsidies and licensing have replaced the 'market forces' (profit motive) which would have maintained efficiency.

In fact, no market forces can create a comprehensive and cheap bus service once the vicious spiral of higher car ownership and decreased use of buses has been set up. Unless public transport is treated as a public *service* (among other things because it keeps down road casualties, pollution and congestion) the profit motive will kill it off on all but the best used routes. The pressure to divert public money into tax-perk company cars, principally available to middle-class men, away from public transport is then exacerbated.

Most of Britain's buses are now in public ownership. Private operators run only 8 per cent of bus services because they are rarely profitable. Nonetheless, Ridley wants to split the National Bus Company into separate groups and sell them off. He also wants to convert municipal bus companies into private companies. Although councils may own shares in them, they will be encouraged to sell them. As the sale of the National Bus Company is not likely to attract many buyers, it is likely that it will be sold - along with all its publicly-owned assets - at a cheap price.

Ridley's rejection of any notion of a public transport service is best demonstrated by the Bill's proposed abolition of a general subsidy to bus operators. A general subsidy keeps down fares thereby enhancing their use. In urban areas, the Bill would only allow a subsidy for a specific unprofitable route, and these routes will have to be put out to tender. Pressure from Tory shires however has kept in a provision in the Bill for the Transport Secretary to allow open-ended subsidies for rural routes. As a consequence, the big cities will face considerable fare increases - up to five times higher in South Yorkshire.

The Buses Bill also ends the licensing of bus routes. Licensing gave an operator the right to

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run all the bus routes in an area; it was a device whereby the best-used routes could subsidise the less-used ones. With the end of licensing, introduced in 1930, the less-used routes will need increased council subsidy, or prohibitive fare increases.

EXPERIMENTS in introducing competition so far have not been encouraging for Ridley. In 1981 the Tories introduced a Transport Act which set up experimental areas for competitive bus services. In the two rural experimental areas, Devon and Norfolk, new private operators weren't interested. In Hereford, competition intensified on routes and at times of day when a lot of people were travelling. There was a corresponding reduction in services at unprofitable times, chiefly in the evening and on Sundays.

The main operator is still Midland Red, a subsidiary of the publicly-owned National Bus Company. One private operator, Flashes Coaches, was taken off the road for running unsafe buses, although another has since emerged. The government's Transport and Road Research Laboratory report on the trial areas said: 'The present situation appears to be unstable . . . it is hard to believe that the small operators will survive the competition of Midland Red indefinitely.'

Competition would, of course, force the operators to cut costs. This must either be at the expense of the workers' wages and conditions or of maintenance and safety standards. Although Ridley has promised stricter enforcement of safety standards, similar promises were made over road haulage - and the number of enforcement staff was cut.

The third part of the Buses Bill introduces a public inquiry into the closure of bus services which have replaced railway lines. Councils have long objected to railway closure because there has been no guarantee of a bus replacement. This measure will therefore be welcomed, especially, again, in the Tory shires, although it is a clear indication of the Transport Secretary's intentions towards surviving local railway lines.

The Buses Bill will be one of the more controversial Bills of this Parliamentary session, and it could provide at least one government defeat in the Lords. Since Ridley published his White Paper on buses in July last year more than 8,000 responses have been received by the Department of Transport. Almost all opposed the plans. All three of the major local authority associations oppose the Bill, including the Conservative shires and districts, as well as the Labour cities. Quite apart from the fear of a dangerous free-for-all on the roads, there is the knowledge that the majority of people, especially women, children and the elderly, do not have daily use of a car. Their freedom to travel will be seriously curtailed.

Certainly Ridley's record over London Regional Transport gives no one cause for hope. Ridley said that services would not be cut. They would be 'changed'. Services are currently being cut by 3 per cent. Ridley said the fares would not rise faster than inflation. Last month fares went up by 9 per cent, double the rate of inflation. And Ridley said his main aim was to reduce the burden on the ratepayers. Rates are going up by 35 per cent. □

FALLING FROM THE SKY

Seven months after a quiet avionics engineer in Lincolnshire killed himself, MP Richard Body is pressing police to release statements that may throw light on his suicide. 'If necessary', he says, 'I shall ask for the Home Secretary's help'. Jack Lundin reports on a small town tragedy

THE EVENTS which led to the suicide of 35-year-old Philip Hart began at 7 pm on the mild Saturday evening of 19 May last year, when he took off from Boston aerodrome in Lincolnshire at the controls of a Cessna 172 light aircraft — call sign G-BGVS.

Mr Hart worked for Lincs Aerial Spraying Co, a crop-spraying business which also provided a maintenance service for private aircraft owners. The Cessna, owned by an accountant named Philip Wright, was in for its annual test. As the company's £115-a-week avionics engineer, Mr Hart was responsible for checking its radio and navigational equipment.

Thirty minutes after take-off, flying down West Fen Drain at 110 mph, with visibility at three miles 'in haze', the pilot had a 'wire strike' — the Cessna's metal propeller slicing through three 11,000 volt electricity cables strung some 25 feet above the drain, in an isolated area of fenland just north of the village of Frithville.

From the moment of his mishap, until he committed suicide seven weeks later, Philip Hart maintained unswervingly that he had been on a routine test flight that evening, to check out the Cessna's Instrument Landing System (ILS). For this, he said, he had used the ILS localiser 'beam' on the main runway at RAF Coningsby, and was flying back to Boston at the time of the accident.

To the police, however, others told a different story. Allegations were made that Mr Hart's Saturday evening flight was an illegal joyride, made without authority. Mr Hart was charged and elected for trial by jury. He was deeply shocked, less by the charge than the fact that, for no reason he could see, the police and his employers did not accept his account.

'It is salutary for us to stop and consider what a deadly weapon the tongue can be,' said the rector at Philip Hart's funeral. In this complex human tragedy the tongue was first wagged — perhaps unthinkingly — by Will Clifton, the firm's extrovert, gregarious chief engineer, who did not get on well with the quiet, work-obsessed avionics engineer. Just two days before the accident, there was an angry exchange when Mr Hart complained of a faulty throttle on the Cessna G-BGVS. Clifton, responsible for the plane's engine, abruptly declared it 'all right'.

Faulty throttle or not, it was a deeply defensive Will Clifton who turned up at the aerodrome the day after the accident, when Mr Hart was due to meet the Cessna's furious owner, Mr Wright. Clifton sent Hart home before he had a chance to talk to Wright, and Clifton himself met Wright to discuss what repairs had to be done to the plane. From this interview, Wright went to the police to make a statement in which he said that Hart had taken up the Cessna without his permission. Clifton also informed the police of his 'joy-riding' theory.

On 13 June 1984 Boston police charged Mr Hart with five criminal offences concerning his 'wire strike' flight. The main charge, brought under the 1968 Theft Act, was that he took the Cessna for his own use, without the consent of its owner or other lawful authority. In fact, the test flying of customers' aircraft was a routine part of Philip Hart's job — and for which he had never needed anyone's permission before.

An accident report signed by him was forwarded by his employers to their London insurance brokers, Norman Butcher & Jones International. And it was on the basis of the pilot's report of an accident *whilst on a test flight* that a £6,000 insurance claim was settled in full.

PHILIP HART joined Lincs Aerial Spraying Co at 15. He obtained his Private Pilot's Licence and in 1973 interrupted what was to total 18 years service with Lincs to qualify in avionics at Brunel Technical College. From

Above: Philip Hart in his avionics workshop

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D. Cubitt

Clifford Annis (left) and Will Clifton at the aerodrome

Brunel in 1975, he went back to Lincs Aerial Spraying Co to start his own avionics department.

As a boy he was painfully shy, and he always remained somewhat withdrawn, living at home unmarried, with his widowed mother. His married sister, Mrs Linda Ingamells, 31, says: 'Philip lived for his work. He had no social life and most evenings and weekends were taken up with his work at the aerodrome.'

When Wright brought in his Cessna for its annual test, Hart's apprentice, Kevin Hoyles, 24, says: 'Philip said to me, "Can you check it out, Kev, I've got a lot on". Which he had at that time.' Hart then made a disastrous mistake. Because he was to be away from Boston for much of that week he 'signed out' the avionics side of G-BGVS's test as being completed on Tuesday 15 May. In fact, it had not been completed. His accusers later were quick to point out that, having done that, there was no conceivable reason for him to have taken the aircraft up for an ILS test on the Saturday evening, four days later.

But there was every reason. During Tuesday's ground ramp test, says Kevin Hoyles, a fault showed up on G-BGVS's ILS. This is a critical navigational aid used for blind approach landings.

Hoyles recalls that Hart took G-BGVS up for a brief flight around the airfield, on the Thursday ('I believe to check the radio'). It was certainly too short to fly over to Coningsby to test the ILS. 'Because we suspected the Porta test set was defective, Philip decided to take the Cessna up for an air test, to do it on the ILS beam itself. Which he obviously did on the Saturday.'

Commenting on Hart's action in signing out G-BGVS in advance, the Civil Aviation Authority says: 'We wouldn't normally recommend this practice, but it's really up to the engineer himself. If he felt sufficiently confident that the work would be done, he is at liberty to sign the aircraft out beforehand.'

IT SEEMS extraordinary, looking back, that a relatively minor accident should have escalated into a series of criminal charges against a man with an impeccable record and his eventual suicide. One factor in the escalation was the question of insurance. Who was to claim it, on what grounds? It was Lincs who finally made the successful claim, under the public liability clause, to their brokers Norman Butcher & Jones.

Certainly Wright, as one of the plane's owners, would have been anxious not to make a claim on his own insurance. In the end, the insurance money provided the bulk of the cost for the Cessna to be completely reconditioned, doubling its value to around £16,000. At the time of the accident, its 11-year-old 0-320 Lycoming engine had done 2,254 hours. Its life is 2,000 hours, after which it can only be run on 'extensions' granted after regular inspections.

In order to try to unravel the confused and conflicting claims about how the accident came about and how serious it was, I requested Philip Hart's sister, Mrs Linda Ingamells, to make several supervised telephone calls to Mr Wright at his home in Mansfield. In three calls between 26 and 28 December, Mrs Ingamells posed as 'Sally Martin' who had heard that the Cessna was up for sale.

To 'Sally Martin' Wright enthused at length about the 'super condition' of the Cessna. It now had a reconditioned engine which had cost '£6,000 plus VAT plus fitting,' and a new propeller. Despite all this work done subsequently, Wright assured 'Sally Martin' that the damage had not been bad. 'I was due to go on the Monday to collect it and in fact I could have flown it back on the Monday quite happily' he said. This was the Monday immediately after the accident, before the extensive repair work was done.

His version of the accident and the subsequent insurance claim was that Will Clifton had said that Philip Hart had not got permission to fly the plane; 'but in order to get it through their insurance he had to say the chap was employed by them and that he had their permission to fly it'. He went on to say to 'Sally Martin': 'I was the one that did the statement to the police. We had to say, which was the truth, he wasn't flying that aircraft with our permission. If he was it would have been our liability and obviously we didn't want that, because out insurance premium would have been loaded.'

In other words Wright was taking the position that Hart had been joy-riding and that the loss was one which neither he nor his insurers should have to bear. Wright's information came from Lincs. Lincs told their insurers the exact opposite — that Hart had been on a routine test flight.

Wright's admission to 'Sally Martin' that he had not arranged to collect the plane that weekend confirms Hart's story that he had ample time to carry out the ILS test on Saturday. Although Wright stressed to me that 'Will Clifton phoned here on Friday afternoon to say the aircraft was available for collection' and that if he or his partner had been free they would have collected it before Saturday night, it is quite clear that he had made no arrangement to collect it that weekend. According to Mrs Ingamells, Clifton knew on Friday afternoon that Wright would not collect the plane until 'after the weekend,' and had told Hart this.

The insurers involved knew nothing of these conflicting stories. It was not until 11 December, when local MP Richard Body telephoned Keith Jones, a Lloyd's broker and chairman of Norman Butcher & Jones, that either brokers or underwriters became aware that criminal charges had been pending against Mr Hart — or that he had killed himself.

ON 20 JUNE Philip Hart came up before Boston magistrates. At 8.30 that morning, before the case came on, his sister was in Will Clifton's office at Lincs Aerial Spraying Co for a revealing confrontation with the Chief Engineer. 'I told Mr Clifton we understood that he had told the police that Philip hadn't sought permission for his test flight on May 19,' says Mrs Ingamells.

According to an affidavit she has sworn, the dialogue then went as follows:

Mrs Ingamells: 'But Willie, Philip has never had to ask your permission to do a test flight, has he?'

Clifton: 'No.'

Mrs Ingamells: 'What did you say to the police, then?'

Clifton: 'I just give them the facts, mate. They asked me if Philip had got my permission to do the flight and I told them: 'No, Philip hadn't asked me'.'

Mrs Ingamells: 'Well, didn't you tell them that Philip doesn't *need* to ask your permission to do test flights?'

Clifton: 'No. I just answerd the questions.'

At approximately 3.40 pm on 22 June, two days after his court appearance and having just given a week's notice of his resignation, Hart finally got his meeting with Clifford Annis, the man for whom he had worked for 18 years. His mother, Mrs Nancy Hart, 63, had the forethought to slip a small Philips Pocket memo 585 tape recorder into his pocket, so there is a verbatim record of it.

Annis, an ex-wartime bomber pilot, had been a hero of Philip Hart's, although Annis found this withdrawn and conscientous employee less congenial than the extrovert Will Clifton, whose father also worked for Annis.

Philip Hart barely managed to get a word in as Annis launched out: 'You must be stark staring mad . . . You signed out an aircraft, you took it illegally — not for the first time may I add . . . You've taken several joyriding aircraft and don't argue because I know you have . . . You took that aircraft without permission . . . You hadn't the gall or the decency to ring the owner up or inform the police or me — shut up I'm talking! — or Will. You, you . . .'

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Stuart Clark

Chief Superintendent Bulman

(In fact, Hart's first action on landing had been to telephone the chief engineer. He had then reported his accident to police inspector David Broome, who by chance was at the aerodrome investigating another wire strike, at Heckington.)

Mr Annis then made this mysterious utterance: 'We've helped you as far as we could with the police on this. Far more than you'll ever know and far more than I can say. Because I'm not allowed to say what I've done to try and help on this one. I've had a word with Mr Bulman, who is a friend of mine . . .'

Both Chief Superintendent George Bulman, Boston's Divisional Commander of Police for the past 13 years, and Boston-born Clifford Annis are Master Masons. Mr Annis is listed as a member of two Boston Freemasonry craft lodges. One of these, the Lodge of Harmony, No. 272, has also been attended by Chief Superintendent Bulman.

Chief Superintendent Bulman's name does not appear on any Boston lodge membership roll. He is a member — and Past Master — of the Lodge of St John, No. 7840 in Scunthorpe, where he was deputy police chief until 1971. Had he discussed Hart's case with Annis at some stage? 'Not as far as I am aware,' he said. He then added: 'No, I did not.'

The statements by Clifton and Wright formed part of the police's committal file, due to be served by 1 August. However, Hart died before this could take place. It is Chief Superintendent Bulman who refuses to release the file, with its two controversial statements, to Hart's solicitors, on the grounds that the papers and statements are 'confidential'.

ON 11 JULY Philip Hart went to the family caravan, where he took a fatal dose of 90 Distalgesic tablets. He left a note: 'I am sorry things have turned out as they have. I don't feel well enough to carry on and can't. This has all been too much for me . . . I will be at peace now away from all the strain.'

The inquest verdict was one of suicide. In an outspoken oration at Hart's funeral service the following day, on 20 July, the rector of Wyberton, the Rev Richard Davison — who had known Philip Hart since his teenage days — said in church:

'Philip was perhaps a bit of a loner who lived for his work and put in more than a 40 hour week. It is tragic that trouble at work following an accident, and the harsh reaction of others to him, hurt this sensitive and vulnerable young man very deeply, sapped his confidence and made him feel let down by colleagues.

'It is salutary for us to stop and consider what a deadly weapon the tongue can be, and to resolve to think before we speak in anger or criticism.'

By coincidence, at this time redundancy notices were about to start going out at Lincs Aerial Spraying Co. When the 1983 accounts for the parent company, Skegness Air Taxi Services, are filed at Companies House they will reveal a pre-tax loss that year of £40,524, on turnover of £712,634. The bank overdraft had soared to £56,289.

Last October, three months after Philip Hart's death, Skegness Air Taxi Services sold the 15-acre Boston aerodrome for more than £100,000, to a neighbouring farmer, and Lincs Aerial Spraying Co ceased to exist.

Will Clifton remains Chief Engineer there, however, working for its new operator. He has no comment to make regarding Philip Hart. ('No mate, can't, sorry, goodbye'.)

From his imposing residence, The Old Rectory, in the village of Algarkirk outside Boston, 63-year-old Mr Annis said: 'I'm not particularly interested. It's all water under the bridge'. □

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□A Derby engineering firm, Leys, Malleable Castings, issued its 340 shop floor workers with thermal underwear amd then turned off the heating in an attempt to save up to £100,000 in heating costs. — *Daily Telegraph* (G. M. Barrett)

SOCIAL SECURITY

LET THEM EAT HUMBLE PIE

Gordon Brown previews the proposed Benefit changes

IF THE recommendations of Norman Fowler's social security reviews are implemented, an unholy alliance of cost-cutters and the New Right will have superseded Beveridge's humanitarian concerns. Instead of the welfare of citizens being one of the primary responsibilities of the State, the needs of the poor - of the mass of people who are not able-bodied wage earners - will be increasingly left to the commercial sector or merely ignored.

The review's conclusions have now been presented to the full Cabinet. They will be published in the form of a consultative document after Easter. The main recommendations, which are likely to receive Cabinet approval, include seven major cuts in the social security budget:

- The abolition of the long-term rate of supplementary benefit. Instead there will be one basic rate of benefit, topped up by additions for pensioners, single parent families, the unemployed and the disabled.
- The withdrawal of supplementary benefit from 16, 17 and 18-year-old teenagers. School leavers who refuse Youth Training places will lose all benefit. Students also will lose all entitlement to supplementary benefit and housing benefit.
- The removal of weekly heating, clothing and dietary additions - now paid to more than 2.5 million claimants - and the ending of all one-off payments, including help with furniture and fuel bills. The government will claim that these benefits are being consolidated into the basic supplementary benefit payment. ▷

London Labour Party

RALLY

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Make your voice heard for socialism at the London-wide rally

7.45pm, Thursday, 14 February
Friends Meeting House, Euston Road, NW1

Tickets 50 pence each (20p unwaged) from: Regional Office, 195 Walworth Road, SE17 or on the door.

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● A reduction in the value of child benefit – with future increases to be significantly below inflation.

● The replacement of Family Income Supplement by a short-term benefit which will mean its value will halve for many low-income families in work.

● A simplified, and cheaper, housing benefit system tapering off significantly after the full housing costs of supplementary benefit claimants are met.

Even before the publication of his consultative document, Mr Fowler has called his reviews 'the most substantial examination of the social security system since the Beveridge Report 40 years ago'. In principle, such a review is needed, for there are many justified criticisms of the ramshackle, complex and punitive administration of the system. Yet the final report, which is certain to contain copious references to Beveridge, will not be concerned with the criticisms of the clients, and will be a consultative document in name only. New legislation is to be introduced early in the next Parliamentary session to amend the current Social Security Acts.

The Fowler review is the third enquiry into social security undertaken by the Thatcher administration, but the first one to be publicly announced. Its two predecessors, from the Think Tank in 1982 and the Family Policy Group in 1983, were abandoned – at least formally – after their recommendations were leaked.

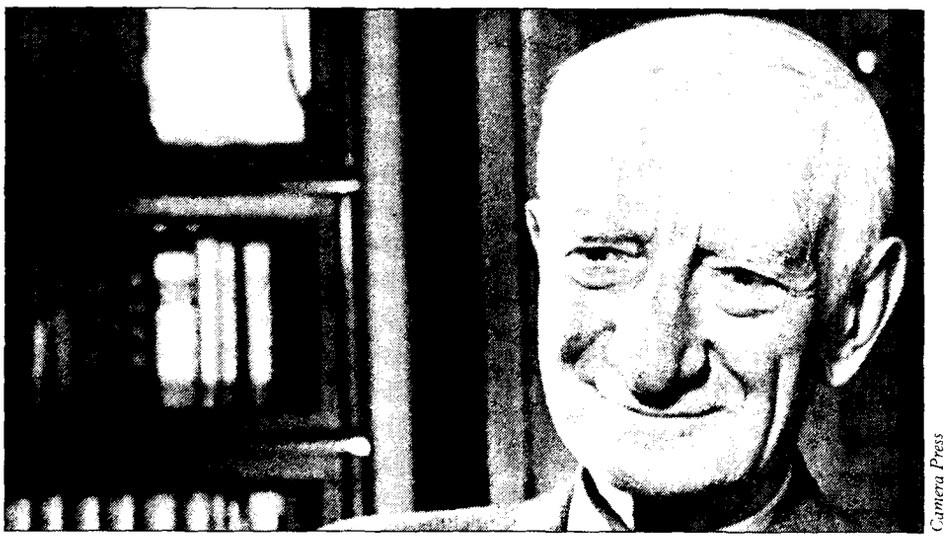
The background to all three is not a renewal of the concern about persistent mass poverty which generated the Beveridge report onf 1942, but the Government's ideological commitment to increasing the private sector, limiting the role of the State and cutting public spending, a task which rising mass unemployment exacerbates.

The inspiration for the cost cutting exercises comes from an unpublished interdepartmental review of 1983 which expressed concern over the escalating costs of welfare spending. That interdepartmental study concluded that Ministers should make 'only limited allowance for the likely increase in the public's demand for social services . . . The Government is not obliged to meet it and may divert it into privately provided services'.

FROM THE outset it has been clear that the reviews would have little to offer the seven million people who now depend on means tested benefits, and the eighteen million who are in low income households . . . Although at various times Mr Fowler has called his enquiries 'comprehensive', 'independent', 'objective' and 'impartial', they have not been open-ended enquiries into how to deal with poverty.

Comparisons with Beveridge ring hollow. Where Beveridge had been concerned with 'the giant evils' of want, squalor, disease, and idleness, the Minister's main theme has been 'making the best use of the available resources', and while, in 1942, the objective had been to take the shame out of need – by establishing benefits as of right – Mr Fowler's intention has simply been to streamline means testing, to encourage private provision, and to shift money from the public to the private sector.

The review teams are made up of 'independent' outsiders but from the beginning, the Treasury has loomed large. Under its remit, the reviews were permitted to examine only benefits – but not tax-related issues – and to propose spending cuts – but not spending increases. It is now known that the Chancellor's officials have been in attendance at the supposedly private meetings of the review committees. Treasury pressure has forced Mr Fowler to agree to a steadily diminishing social security allocation. Mr Fowler puts a presentable face on it, telling the Commons Social Services Select Committee, that 'savings found from the benefits system could be used for reductions in taxation'.



Camera Press

Whatever its defects, the post-war welfare state was founded on Lord Beveridge's humanitarian concerns — which Fowler will allow to be swept away

The proclaimed independence of the review teams does not, anyway, bear close scrutiny. Three of the four major reviews have been chaired by government ministers. Although ordinary review team members were to be impartial outsiders, government ministers have been embarrassed by the political connections of the only two 'independent' members of the review into Children and Young Persons Benefits. The first, Mr Parry Rogers, of the Institute of Directors, felt obliged to declare an interest when the Institute gave evidence advocating the abolition of child benefit, and the second, Mrs Barbara Shenfield, whose chairmanship of the WRVS sounded promising, just happens to have contributed to a recent Adam Smith Institute pamphlet opposing the welfare states. Another fellow of the Institute of Directors, Basil Collins, is one of the two independents on the Supplementary Benefits review.

DURING THE 19 public hearings of the reviews – to which a disproportionate number of right-wing pressure groups was invited – the fashionable Tory scepticism about welfare has been much in evidence. Less committed organisations such as the Citizens Advice Bureaux, and the National Consumer Council have submitted compelling arguments for increased spending to relieve poverty, but their views have been swamped by the New Right.

According to the new conservative orthodoxy, even the meagrest of State benefits foster irresponsibility. Unemployment benefits make the jobless workshy. Child benefits encourage people to have children they cannot afford, and teenage benefits erode traditional parental controls.

Much is being sacrificed to the Friedman dream of human improvement by unrelieved competition and the Hayek nightmare of degradation by the 'nanny' State. The review teams appear to believe that the poor need the spur of their poverty to escape it, and that the only acceptable recipients of welfare should be the destitute and the deranged. Such social services as are required will be shaped by market forces.

The only practical constraints on the pursuit of such rightist theory have been the promises the Conservatives made at the last election. It appears that child benefit, paid directly to mothers, has been saved only because of a campaign commitment to it in June 1983, a testament, perhaps to the strength of women in the Conservative Party. Initially the review teams sought to propose two new schemes – a wholly means-tested child benefit, or a two-tier benefit, with a small automatic payment topped up by means-tested help for low income families. But ministers feel obliged to retain the concept of an automatic benefit because of the Prime Minister's promise. They will, however, refuse to fulfil an earlier promise that child benefit would rise in line with tax allowances. Instead, from this year onwards, the child benefits paid to seven million mothers will fall behind prices.

For the unemployed, and for the young, there is not even the limited protection of a rash promise made in 1983. Parents are to take on more financial responsibility for their teenagers – whether they can afford it or not. No increased financial support was even considered for young people staying on at school, and, in the absence of jobs, the government's overall strategy is to coerce young people into YTS slots under threat of the loss of benefit.

Although Mr Fowler would be the last to admit it, the problems his reviews should be tackling – mass unemployment, mass poverty and mass dependence on means tested benefits – are exactly those which necessitated the Beveridge Report 40 years ago. Few alive today have a vital memory of what life was like before the welfare State. It is only because Beveridge provided two generations with the protection of the welfare State that Fowler can contemplate dismantling it.

In his time Beveridge represented a huge, generous and altruistic attempt to relieve

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poverty and hardship in a single, comprehensive framework. In contrast, Fowler is divisive, penny pinching, retrogade and piecemeal, offering neo-Victorian poor laws for the Britain of the 21st century - a Britain that has none of the opportunities for growth or dynamism for social reform which propelled the Victorian economy.

Two million copies of Beveridge were sold within days of its publication in November 1942. It is hard to believe that HMSO Bookshops will be overwhelmed by a rush for Fowler in April 1985. □

Gordon Brown is the Labour MP for Dunfermline East.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

HIGH NOON FOR THE BIG SPENDERS

Joan Smith reports on Patrick Jenkin's success in uniting the councils against him

DIRECTLY after their meeting with Patrick Jenkin on Monday, the leaders of all the Labour-controlled rate-capped authorities, plus representatives of others facing heavy grant penalties, held a press conference. Although it was the latest in a long series of conferences at which the councils have been trying to get their case over to the media, it was the first to attract newspapers, radio and television in big numbers.

The reason is simple. Now that Jenkin has rejected outright the councils' eight-point formula for negotiations, the stage is set for a confrontation whose reverberations, if both sides are as determined as they claim, will produce profound effects in many major towns and cities, as well as in the financial markets.

The leaders of the rate-capped councils have always seen the battle between themselves and central government as 'a high-risk game of poker', as one of them puts it. On Monday, they reached the point at which there may soon start to be casualties. Some have more stomach for the fight than others. One London council leader came out of the meeting with Jenkin saying 'Thank God he didn't offer us anything.'

According to this line of reasoning, Jenkin's intransigence is a gift to the government's most determined opponents. Councillors who don't much relish the difficult decisions which have to be taken on 7 March — when they have to decide how to translate their defiance of central government into action — are now more likely to stand firm and maintain the surprising degree of unity shown so far. This unity has been the councils' strongest card to date: not only have all the Labour authorities on the rate-capping list stuck together, they have also drawn into the campaign nine more councils which face the unpleasant choice of huge rate rises or massive cuts in jobs and services because of the government's penalty system.

They have refused to apply for a revision of their spending limits by 1 October, prompting Jenkin to extend — unsuccessfully — the deadline. They have ignored a legal obligation to supply certain information to the Department of the Environment about their finances: Jenkin could have resorted to the courts but has chosen not to. They had until 15 January to react to the slightly adjusted rate-cap limits announced in December along with the level of rate support grant: they didn't.

Jenkin had refused to meet the councils collectively: this week he did it. That does not alter the fact, however, that all he did at the meeting was listen to David Blunkett, the leader of Sheffield City Council who spoke on behalf of all 26 authorities represented there, and then turn down every single proposal they had made to him.

COMPARISONS are already being made between the councils' proposed defiance of central government and the miners' strike. The fighting talk of one or two council leaders suggests they would be more than happy to act as a focus for extra-parliamentary opposition to the Thatcher government now that prospects for the strike are looking gloomy.

Paradoxically, Jenkin's intransigence means such aspirations are likely to remain the province of a minority. His rejection of a set of proposals offered simply as a basis for negotiation gives *all* the councils little option but to give in or fight — and a collective strategy will be subject to the influence of council leaders who see themselves taking on a fight not of their own making, but forced on them by cuts that are intolerably and unjustifiably damaging. At Monday's meeting, Jenkin refused to give details of how spending limits had been decided.

The councils had a mass of figures to support their case. Jenkin told them on Monday that he believed the rate-cap targets were achievable; the councils produced figures showing that the smallest cut being imposed on a rate-capped authority is the 8.7 per cent by which the GLC is being asked to prune its 1985/1986 budget. The heaviest cut is being demanded of Hackney, where the government wants the council to spend 30.2 per cent less that it says it needs to maintain jobs and services.

Among the nine other councils which have thrown their lot in with those on this year's hit list, Easington in Durham is being asked to spend 4.3 per cent less than it says it needs to carry out its current policies. Newham in London's East End, is facing a cut of 16.5 per cent. Although these councils could levy a huge rate to cover their proposed expenditure, they would then face massive losses in government grant for so-called overspending.

WHAT HAPPENS now is a question to which neither side has a firm answer. In the short-term, the councils will all meet on 7 March to discuss their budgets. At that point, a two-tier strategy becomes necessary because upper tier authorities, London and the metropolitan counties, are legally obliged to set a rate.

They are likely to set a deficit budget but to do it by stealth. This means that the council votes in support of a budget in excess of its rate-cap limit but includes unspecified savings which allegedly bring it back into line with the government's limit. The most favoured course for the lower tier — district and borough — authorities, meanwhile, is not to set a rate. Whether or not this breaks the law is not yet clear; its legality may depend on whether each council says it is completely refusing to make a rate, or whether it claims to be *delaying* its decision pending further negotiations.

London borough and Liverpool and Manchester city councils believe they can refuse to set a rate. They are heartened by legal advice suggesting they *will* be able to default on loans, which would seriously upset the financial markets. Since this possibility first began to be canvassed last autumn, British banks and building societies have stopped lending to councils on the hit list for fear they will default.

Where they can borrow, the rate-capped councils are already paying between one eighth and one quarter of a per cent more for their loans than other authorities. The City is also getting nervous about the councils which have associated themselves with those on the hit list: a journalist on a national newspaper recently got a phone call from a financial institution which was trying to find out which other council leaders were signatories to recent letters to Patrick Jenkin.

The resolution of the conflict now depends on several imponderables. Does Patrick Jenkin have the determination to push on in the face of a united front from the council leaders? Can the leaders deliver their Labour groups? What will happen if the councils really do default on their loans? It finally seems to have dawned on the media that the coming conflict is going to be on a scale that makes front page news. □

America's civil war over abortion
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Austin-Rover are sueing the unions: but robots, not laws, tilted the balance

Plus: Peter Fuller on the case for liking Renoir

NEWSociety

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DRIFTING WITH THE LAW

John McIlroy looks at what happened to the united, defiant stand of unions against Tory laws in 1982

THE ROW over trade unions taking government money for internal ballots has brought to the surface the deeper disarray over opposition to Mrs. Thatcher's employment legislation. The 26-11 vote at last month's General Council to institute disciplinary proceedings against the engineering union, the AUEW and the electricians and plumbers, the EETPU could lead to their expulsion from the TUC. That would provide a focus for the political battles that will follow in the wake of any miners' defeat, amidst feelings of bitterness, betrayal and 'I told you so'.

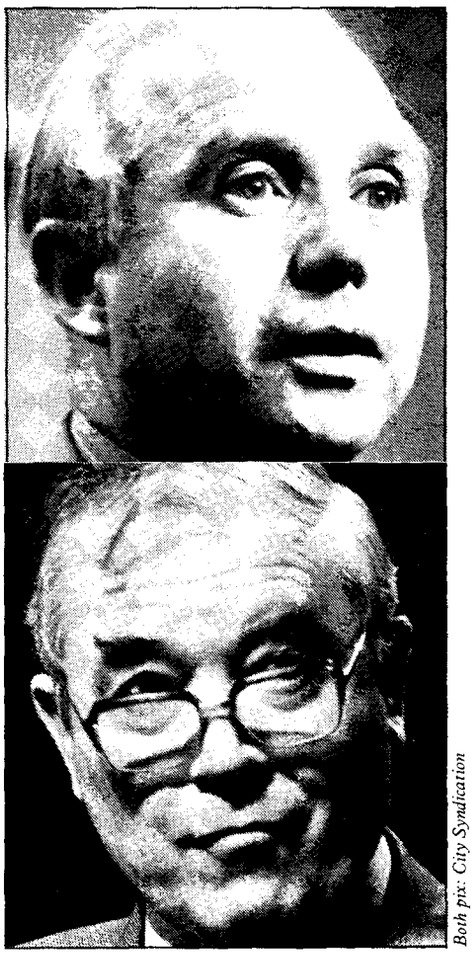
The electricians and the engineers hold more ballots than other unions. Their move to accept government money to fund the ballots was precipitated by the announcement that all retrospective claims for funds must be made by 4 February. The AUEW reckons that it will be able to claim well over a million pounds in back payments. But far more than financial considerations are involved.

The two unions are breaking TUC policy. For once this is clear cut. The memorandum unanimously agreed at the 1982 Special Conference at Wembley states: 'Affiated unions shall observe Congress Policy not to seek or accept public funds for union ballots under the Employment Act 1980 ballot funds scheme'.

The TUC dissenters argue that the position has changed dramatically since that date. The vast majority of unions have agreed to co-operate with the provisions of the more recent 1984 Trade Union Act, at least to the extent of holding ballots on the continuation of political funds. Several unions, notably ASTMS, have decided to change their rules to meet that Act's provision on ballots for the election of union executives. Most importantly, perhaps, several unions have gone along with the sections of the '84 Act which demand secret ballots before industrial action and insist on unions disowning any action which takes place without a secret vote. The TUC states that these sections are covered by the Wembley strategy.

Last Autumn the GMB called an overtime ban at Ilford's Plant in Mobberley, Cheshire. No secret ballot was held so, on application from the company, the High Court issued an injunction against the union. The GMB accepted the court's order and claimed that Congress House provided it with detailed advice on how to conduct a ballot within the terms of the very law TUC policy was designed to oppose.

The point was starkly made in the Austin Rover court case in November. There the plant's joint shop stewards' committee had recommended strike action, and mass meetings of members of several unions had voted to support a strike. The national committees of the electricians' and engineers' unions 'repudiated' the members' decision. The other unions



Both pix: City Syndication

Gavin Laird (top) and Eric Hammond, bending with the wind

waited a little longer. But eventually the GMB the building workers and the Patternmakers 'disavowed' their members on strike too.

The one union to refuse unequivocally to have anything to do with the legislation was the TGWU, and it was fined £200,000 for its pains. Ron Todd bitterly complained about those who had 'worn the red badge of courage at Wembley' but wilted once the heat was on.

The contradiction here is articulated by the latest convert to the not so new 'new realism', Clive Jenkins. Why, he asks, if unions are going to accept the balloting provisions of the '84 Act shouldn't they take the money to pay for those ballots? Characteristically ASTMS has turned vice into virtue by circulating a model ballot form and claiming that Mr. King's legislation generates better offers from employers. The unions should have thought up the idea themselves. In addition the electricians, as Mike Everley pointed out in last week's *New Statesman*, point to the TUC's inconsistency in taking State money with specific strings for union education but refusing it for ballots.

They can also call in evidence the widespread violations of TUC policy on the closed shop regulations in earlier legislation (The 1982 Employment Act requires that 80 per cent of workers affected must vote, in a secret ballot, for a closed shop before it can be recognised). The Wembley Conference unambiguously stated affiliated unions should take no part in such ballots. Since the provisions on the closed shop became fully operative last November well over a hundred ballots, explicitly banned by the TUC, have been held by members of a range of unions including the EETPU, GMB, TGWU and USDAW, the shopworkers' union.

In fact, the majority have resulted in a vote *for* the closed shop, providing further momentum for complying with the law. Not one union has disciplined members for breaking the TUC line. Nor has action been taken against representatives who have continued to sit on industrial tribunals hearing closed shop cases — in breach of clause seven of the Wembley agreement. Meanwhile those who have refused to participate in the closed shop ballots such as the UCW, the telephone and postal workers, feel that they are left carrying the can for an unenforceable policy.

AT THE ROOT of the TUC's problems is the strategic issue of whether any general co-ordinated policy for nullifying the laws, as the force of the Industrial Relations Act was nullified a decade ago, is now viable. Whilst the Wembley Conference left individual unions to decide on how to react to the use of the law it clearly envisaged that unions would *break* the new laws. It recognised that if they were to do this *successfully*, the TUC would have to help them. It specifically gave the General Council powers in that eventuality 'to co-ordinate action by other unions in support of the union in difficulties including, if necessary, calling for industrial action against the employer concerned or more widely.'

This kind of support would, in the majority of cases, have involved *the TUC in breaking the law*. This only seems to have dawned on the General Council in December 1983 when Len Murray argued against supporting the print workers' union, the NGA, not only on the grounds that he did not think they could win but on the fact that such support would involve the TUC in breaking the law and would, therefore, endanger its assets. It is the continued application of this last principle — no law breaking — that has holed the Wembley strategy of united opposition. 'The TUC,' Len Murray told the Wembley Conference, 'would not stand idly by whilst a union was attacked'. It did precisely that at Austin Rover.

The fear of the financial and ideological consequences of breaking the law is not confined to the new Tory measures. The NUM's request for TUC assistance in December, for example, involved the common law. The TUC stated quite clearly that if it helped by even providing office space that would attract a contempt charge. That could not be contemplated.

The point is a simple one: you cannot oppose these laws in any effective fashion unless you are prepared to break them. The TUC isn't. To state as David Basnett has, that 'I for instance would not advise my executive to act contrary to statute or criminal law' is to make clear the shift in TUC policy from 'general co-ordinated

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opposition when there is a reasonable chance of success' to 'general co-ordinated opposition — never'. The Wembley decisions were exercises in bluff and rhetoric, the product of a desire to make a publically defiant gesture and not to build a trade union opposition to Thatcherism.

The TUC's limited review of union experience so far correctly points out that only a small minority of employers have been prepared to use the legislation. But, of course, success is not measured by the number of injunctions but by the extent to which unions are prepared to operate within the new framework. And it is clear that isolated opposition breeds greater caution. The NGA, at their Biennial delegate conference were very careful not to adopt a policy of immediate national strike action in the event of another *Stockport Messenger*. At a special three day strategy meeting in January the TGWU decided to maintain its position of 'business as usual' but to examine each dispute tactically, weighing the likelihood of success against the dangers of confrontation with the law.

Employers, increasingly conscious of the retreat, are now pushing their advantage home. Perhaps the most ominous development for the unions is the readiness of employers as disparate as the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, Austin-Rover and British Rail to get an injunction and then press on to a full court hearing for awards of damages. For Mrs. Thatcher, success breeds greater appetite. Plans for restricting strikes in essential services and abolishing wage councils are already in the pipeline.

FOR THE unions what is at stake is far more than money for ballots: what is in question after the NUM watershed is the whole shape and ideology of British trade unionism. The consequences of the present drift are discernible. What Mrs. Thatcher wants — and what the legal framework is intended to mould — is business unions, organisations which go for collaboration rather than conflict with the employer, place less importance on membership activism, are minimally involved in politics, have a smaller proportion of the workforce in membership and little hold in the expanding industries.

In this new world, supple survivors may find a niche. And it is the unions who go someway with the Tory Project who are making the running. The EETPU and the AUEW have not only questioned the close links with the Labour Party and the use of the strike weapon. They have pointed out that, if expelled from the TUC, a two million strong amalgamation could constitute a powerful coherent pole against the present muddle in the TUC.

For the Left it is time to come down from the platform and grapple with the practicalities of the power of the State, the purchase of Thatcherism and the existing consciousness of the majority of union members. It is time to look hard at what is wrong with the unions and why there is popular support for their reform. If the dispute over State funds is not to be just another bureaucratic wrangle, it must be used by the Left to raise dispassionately the issue of union strategy in relation to Mrs. Thatcher's laws but also to provide convincing alternatives to her answers to that burning question of the '80s, 'What are trade unions for?'

Let's hear it for AIDS to circulation

Andrew Lumsden

AUGUST 1984 - Equality council of NUJ circulates leaflet on AIDS requesting that coverage doesn't handle the incidence of AIDS among homosexual men in such a way as to 'promote discrimination on the grounds of sexual orientation'

6 October - Doubling of Western European cases of AIDS (to 421) notified by World Health Organisation (*Guardian* etc)

14 October - *Observer* report that there are fears of an 'AIDS vendetta' against gays in America following findings that saliva may be a carrier

10 November - Colin Welch writes in the *Spectator*, while discussing AIDS, that 'homosexual activists have advanced boldly, immodestly, proselytising and demanding ever new "rights", privileges . . .'

16 November - Reports of the death of three babies in Queensland blamed on blood transfusions from an AIDS-infected gay man (*The Times* etc). Calls (from and to) gay men to be ultra-careful before being donors

21 November - *Times* leader says that 'the infection's origins and means of propagation excites repugnance, moral and physical, at promiscuous male homosexuality - conduct which, tolerable in private circumstances, has with the advent of "gay liberation" become advertised, even glorified, as acceptable public conduct, even a proud badge for public men to wear'

23 November - Only the *BBC World Service* receives praise for 'calm, honest and accurate' reporting of AIDS in a survey of British coverage by *Capital Gay*, the 15,000 circulation free weekly in the London area. The *World Service* science correspondent rebukes usage 'gay plague'

21 December - *The Times* reports Dr Richard Tedder, AIDS researcher at London's Middlesex hospital, saying that 'AIDS should not be regarded as a "gay" disease [*Times*'s apostrophes]'

23 December - *Observer* headline (story by Hugo Davenport and Olivia Timbs) that 'Gays [are] "not to blame for AIDS"'

5 February - The *Sun* front page splash is 'CLUB BANS 2 GAYS IN AIDS PANIC': two gay men, who do not have AIDS, have been kicked out of a working men's club in an 'AIDS panic'.

Perhaps this was a response to the papers last Friday (1 February), when the *Sun* splashed GAY PLAGUE KILLS PRIEST on page one, and the *Daily Mirror* BOYS' JAIL CHAPLAIN DIES OF AIDS. Gregory Richards, unmarried 37 year old, chaplain to a boys' prison and a women's custody centre, had suffered a second heart attack the day before and died, diagnosed as an AIDS victim, Britain's 52nd such death. There was a reasonable presumption, though accompanying stories didn't give it as a certainty, that he was homosexual, and had had physical partnerships.

If I were demoted from the staff of the *New Statesman* to the editorship of the *Sun* or the *Mirror* (or why not both, on many days of the week?) I might, I think - the 'Richards story' being of genuine public and human interest - have blocked in AIDS KILLS PRIEST for page one of either paper on Thursday night. 'Priest' denotes Roman Catholic or Orthodox to me, but I suppose it would pass. Why, then, did Bouverie St have to hit us with GAY and PLAGUE again? And why, averting that (perhaps because the *Sun* would infallibly use the phrase) did the *Mirror* go for BOYS' JAIL CHAPLAIN?

Go back one week, to Friday 25 January. It wasn't at all an untypical day's production from either Bouverie St or Holborn Circus, so I'm not straining to make a point. Lesbians and my fellow gays, to whom these things leap from the page, will confirm it. Page Three of the *Sun* ran GAY SMEAR HAS COST ME A FORTUNE, which (if true) recorded US Olympic runner Carl Lewis's moans that 'allegations' about his being gay have cost him money. (My dear, how *awful*). The *Mirror*'s *Peter Tory's Diary*, the same day, ran a large-type boxed item which read in full:

> At luncheon yesterday I overheard a quite dreadful suggestion that my great hero Biggles was gay, *A NANCY BOY* [*my capitals*]. Outrageous. Next week I shall be going on television to denounce this infamy. Chocks away

Leave aside that the Monty Python team have been running that gag about Biggles for what seems like decades, and with subversive not authoritarian intent. What do we gather? Why, that the word GAY, the aspersion GAY, sells newspapers. Racism and sexism are in some degree actionable or even arrestable offences today in British law, but there's no recourse against queer-bashing subtexts (or overt texts). Of course. *Au contraire*, as Elaine Stritch used to sing. So the *Mirror*, whose story on 1 February carried no *evidence* to support such an inference, dug readers in the ribs with the idea that BOYS, emotive term (under 21 year olds), had been at risk in Chelmsford prison in Essex from the just-dead Richards. Cos all us queers is kiddie-molesters - geddit?

GAY has three letters, and AIDS four, so, compared with the space-consuming HOMOSEXUAL, both words will continue to be the joy of the circulation-warrior headline writers in both Headquarters of Shame. But though the *Sun* prefers to be unspeakable, the *Mirror* has pretentions. Wake up, Molloy! As to *The Times* in its second era of Appeasement, and its editorial of 21 November 1984, here is a footnote for your bicentennial: the first working Fleet St journalist to be deliberately truthful in print about being gay was on your staff. In 1971. Me. The consequences were largely hilarious, not at all disastrous. When will all the gays on the writing staff and among the contributors of *The Times* today 'come out'? And on the *Sun* and the *Mirror*? So they can argue coverage of gay issues to the editor's (or the proprietor's) face. Anybody heard of free speech? □

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DIARY

Mary Harron

I see that Michael Winner, a film producer not noted for his charity or compassion, has written an article proclaiming that he is the force behind the memorial fund to Yvonne Fletcher. I wonder how her family feel about the way in which their loss has become public property. Suddenly the newspapers have introduced a nickname, 'Fletch', and an odiously familiar tone, as if she belonged to all of us. From an innocent victim caught in the crossfire she has been turned into an active heroine, a defender of the free world. Now Mrs Thatcher has made her a symbol of 'the thin blue line' that is holding Western civilization together. It is a very unseemly way to commemorate the death of someone whose fate was to be standing in the wrong place at the wrong time.

○

But it seems that the Falklands factor can run and run. Orbis Publications, who normally put out innocuous magazine series on the history of rock music, or the royal family, have brought out *The Elite*, a new magazine series on 'The World's Crack Fighting Men'. The launching of the series has been accompanied by some husky-voiced, hairy-chested television ads that sound like a recruiting campaign for the SAS. The cover of the first issue is even more alarming: it shows a soldier in a black gas mask staring icily at the camera and looks like some pornographic celebration of violence. Look inside and you find a headline like 'smeared with blood, covered with dust, gasping and fighting', or this catchline for an article on the Hitler Youth: 'Fanatical teenage Nazis – or handpicked young men who were forged into a superb fighting formation during the heat of the Normandy battles of 1944?'

But if you actually read the magazine it becomes reassuringly banal. Real trainspotters' stuff: lots of maps and endless information about troop movements and tank serial numbers and what kind of sleeping bags they used in the Falklands. The content is of almost no interest to anyone except military history buffs and those who play strategy games with toy solidiers. But that lurid presentation is something else: either Orbis are marketing the wrong product or they've been brilliantly clever and realised that information about 'the belt-fed L7A2 GPMG (general purpose machine-gun) with a cyclic rate of 600 to 1000 rpm and the L4A4 LMG (light machine-gun) – the venerable Bren re-barrelled to 7.62mm calibre' is what *really* excites English men.

○

I wish I could be a fly on the wall of Robert Maxwell's office to learn just how, and in such a short time, he has turned the *Mirror* into a less rational version of the *Sun*. Murdoch's papers do have a cynical professionalism, even at their sleaziest; the *Mirror* just seems amateurish, desperate and rather mad, cut-rate Citizen Kane.

On 28 January it offered the headline 'Scargill: coal strike lost', which at first sight looked like a direct quote from Arthur himself, which I would have thought was libellous. If Maxwell must do this kind of thing, why doesn't he go all the way and stop pretending to have news at all. Instead he could base the *Mirror* on the American tabloid papers, which make all their stories up. When I was in New York recently I saw stories like '500 Devil Children Born With Tails' and 'Is the Pope an Extra-Terrestrial? Shocking New Proof!' That's more like it – you know where you are.

○

I have been brooding over the life of Samantha Fox. It has just been pointed out to me that many *New Statesman* readers, austere and high-minded as they are, won't know who she is. Samantha Fox is the most famous 18-year-old girl in the country: she is a topless model, the first Page Three girl to be given full-scale media fame. You can see her nightly in the *Sun* ads on television, the *Daily Mirror* has run a debate on whether she is stupid, the *News of the World* countered with an IQ test to prove she isn't, another paper announced the test was fixed, I have heard her discussed (by girls) in bus queues and office corridors – and the question is why? After all these years of anonymous Page Three girls, why should this one become a star?

Samantha herself, a very small (four foot ten) girl with enormous breasts, is a kind of throw back to the '50s, to the days of Jayne Mansfield and other such fantasy girls. The outsize breasts make her a kind of joke, something she coolly and willingly exploits (see the *Sun* ads). She also

– and this does make her story modern – really annoys women. Not just feminists either, but all kinds of women. There is a strong element of male counter-attack in the story of Samantha Fox: celebrating the girl who is happy to be a sex object. Her own attitude is one of brisk, cold practicality, not particularly excited by the job but glad to be earning more than the Prime Minister. Does each age get the sex symbol it deserves? Or maybe she just has a good agent.

○

Sitting in the British Museum I've been reading Jack London's *People of the Abyss* which was a revelation – all I knew of him before was reading *White Fang* in Classic Comics as a child. Why is he such a forgotten name? You never see his books in print and yet he was as popular as Dickens in his time. *People of the Abyss*, in which London disguised himself to discover life in the slums of London's East End, was, I suppose, the prototype for Orwell's explorations, but written from a much simpler, indeed naive point of view. Here is an outsider, a healthy, over-confident young frontier American who finds himself in an industrial hell – where children fight over rotting garbage and old men search the pavements for food. This book is the surest antidote I've ever encountered against Edwardian nostalgia and a reminder that there is a Socialist tradition in America. It would make a wonderful book for O-Level classes, being clearly and vividly written; Jack London is (in spite of some awful racial theories) due for a revival.

○

Over the years I have become used to people making fun of my homeland, Canada. Any Canadian reference – to lumberjacks, beavers, Mounties, Leonard Cohen – my friends consider hysterically amusing. Canada, like Albania, is automatically funny because it is obscure: the Belgium of North America. But at least we *know* we're obscure, unlike some countries I could mention with their outdated notions of cultural superiority. In the meantime I would like to hear some English jokes. Not jokes made by English people but 'English Jokes' in the way that there are Irish jokes and Polish jokes and Jewish jokes and Canadian jokes. You can start with your currency. There were no English jokes before because England was too powerful and world powers *aren't funny*. But now you can be! Embrace obscurity and a whole new world is yours.

ROGER WODDIS

From Pretoria with love

'All that is required of him now is that he should unconditionally reject violence as a political instrument. This is, after all, a norm which is respected in all civilised countries of the world.' — President Botha of South Africa on his offer to release African National Congress leader, Nelson Mandela.

All that we ask of you, old man,
Good God, it isn't much,
Is that you bow the pliant knee
And lose the Nelson touch.

Look to the sane and civilised,
Obey the common norm,
And try to trust, as genuine,
My passion for reform.

You could be free if you could learn
To turn the other cheek;
The gates of hell would open wide,
If only you were meek.

Abjure the ways of violence,
As we who rule have done,
By giving up the rhino whip,
The governmental gun.

This solumn pledge I offer you
Is signed and sealed with wax:
We shall do all that God requires,
Except get off your backs.

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LEBANON DEFEATS ISRAEL

Now the Israelis are withdrawing Scott MacLeod looks at what new forces will emerge in the 'Lebanese quagmire'

WHEN LABOUR Prime Minister Shimon Peres's coalition cabinet voted by 16 to 6 on 14 January to pull out of the Lebanon, it was a formal admission that the Lebanese 'adventure' had been a costly failure.

Israel's massive land, air and sea invasion of Lebanon in June 1982 was the culmination of increasingly ambitious military designs on Lebanon since commandos first landed at Beirut International Airport in 1968 and blew up 13 civilian Lebanese airliners in retaliation for Lebanese-based PLO guerrilla raids. It was intended to destroy PLO bases and end the heavy domination which Syria had exercised in Lebanon since 1976, when it sent in 40,000 troops to stop the civil war. The Israeli invasion was also intended to put the Phalangists in power, restoring the Maronite Christian supremacy in the Lebanon, which had been broken by that civil war.

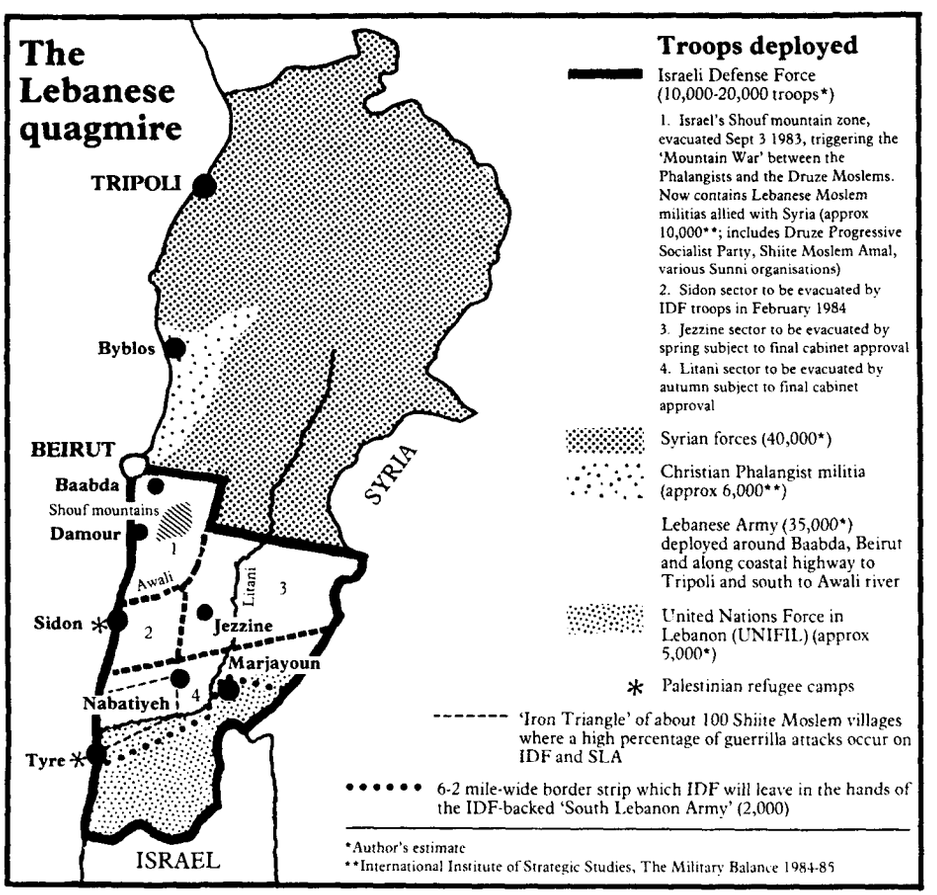
In 1982 the then Likud Prime Minister Menachem Begin and his Defence Minister Ariel Sharon proclaimed their 'great victory' and arranged for the Phalangists to sign Lebanon's name to a peace treaty with the State of Israel. Now the 15,000 Israeli Defence Force (IDF) contingent is retreating out of Lebanon in a three-stage operation.

More than 610 IDF soldiers have been killed and another 3,500 wounded since 1982, far greater than the number of Jewish casualties from PLO attacks on the Galilee settlements prior to 1982. The Israeli economy is experiencing a severe crisis because of the $3.5 billion price tag for the initial advance in Lebanon, the blitz bombing of West Beirut in the summer of 1982 and the long occupation of southern Lebanon which has followed.

In the end, Israel could not even wrest a minimum security agreement from the Lebanese government, covering Israel's northern frontier. With the help of a bloody resistance campaign waged primarily by Shiite Moslems, who accounted for 60 per cent of the people in the IDF's occupation zone, Syria succeeded in forcing a unilateral Israeli decision to pull out of what had become the 'Lebanese Quagmire.'

Israel's failure has been destructive for the Lebanese. According to the authoritative Beirut daily, *an Nahar*, at least 17,825 people were killed and 30,103 wounded in the first three months of the IDF's operations. Israeli bombings caused millions of dollars in damages.

Israel's long occupation of a third of Lebanese territory — intended by the Israeli government as a means of extracting a permanent peace treaty with Lebanon by one means or another — prevented discussions among the Lebanese about a 'reconciliation' between Christians and Moslems. In the meantime, it gave Moslems, backed by Syria, time to regroup. No serious attempt was made to work out a new 'power-sharing' formula to replace the National Covenant which kept the country together until the outbreak of the Civil War in 1975. When the IDF precipitately redeployed out of the Shouf mountains in September 1983, it sparked off a three-week sectarian conflict which left 1,000 people dead — including many who fell victim to massacres in captured villages. The resolute Druzes won the 'Mountain War,' defending their traditional stronghold against the spectre of Phalangist hegemony.


The Lebanese quagmire
TRIPOLI
Byblos
BEIRUT
Baabda
Shouf mountains
Damour
Awali
Litani
Sidon
Jezzine
Marjayoun
Nabatiyeh
Tyre
ISRAEL
SYRIA
1
2
3
4
Troops deployed
Israeli Defense Force (10,000-20,000 troops*)
1. Israel's Shouf mountain zone, evacuated Sept 3 1983, triggering the 'Mountain War' between the Phalangists and the Druze Moslems. Now contains Lebanese Moslem militias allied with Syria (approx 10,000**; includes Druze Progressive Socialist Party, Shiite Moslem Amal, various Sunni organisations)
2. Sidon sector to be evacuated by IDF troops in February 1984
3. Jezzine sector to be evacuated by spring subject to final cabinet approval
4. Litani sector to be evacuated by autumn subject to final cabinet approval
Syrian forces (40,000*)
Christian Phalangist militia (approx 6,000**)
Lebanese Army (35,000*) deployed around Baabda, Beirut and along coastal highway to Tripoli and south to Awali river
United Nations Force in Lebanon (UNIFIL) (approx 5,000*)
Palestinian refugee camps
'Iron Triangle' of about 100 Shiite Moslem villages where a high percentage of guerrilla attacks occur on IDF and SLA
6-2 mile-wide border strip which IDF will leave in the hands of the IDF-backed 'South Lebanon Army' (2,000)
*Author's estimate
**International Institute of Strategic Studies, The Military Balance 1984-85

LEBANON'S POLITICAL situation is more complicated and dangerous now, because of the emergence of a strong new force: Lebanon's underprivileged Shiites. Though apparently unforeseen by the Israeli government, it should have been obvious that a group constituting half the country's 3 million population, simmering in Beirut's slums and in the neglected countryside, would attempt to fill the power vacuum created by the departure of the PLO fighters. Shiite militancy was fuelled by the continuing occupation and especially repressive tactics employed by the IDF.

The rise of the Shiites has alarmed Christians as well as Sunnis, who have traditionally dominated the political, economic and cultural affairs of the Moslem community in Lebanon. Ominously, the newly powerful Shiites split into rival camps: the Beirut-based mainstream of moderates grouped in *Amal* (Arabic for hope), a political and paramilitary organization which preaches co-existence as the best path for Shiites; and the radical Baalbek-based pro-Iranian activists belonging to *Hizbollah* (Party of God), which seeks an Islamic state in Lebanon and the destruction of the 'Zionist entity.'

The most feared extremists in the Middle East are members of *al Jihad al Islami*, suspected of being a terrorist wing of *Hizbollah* with intelligence and supply links to Iran. *Al Jihad al Islami*, (Islamic Holy War), has carried out six suicide bombings in Lebanon against Israeli, American and French installations, killing 526 people. The underground group is also holding five Americans who were kidnapped in West Beirut over the past year, potentially posing an Iran-style 'hostage crisis' for the United States.

Outbreaks of intercommunal violence and retributions against Israeli collaborators, and even clashes between rival Palestinian guerrilla factions, began in the Sidon Sector, the first to be evacuated, immediately after the Israeli cabinet decision. Despite Israeli disclaimers of responsibility, more bloodshed can be expected, as the IDF pulls back from the Jezzine

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Sector east of Sidon and the Awali River Sector.

The port of Sidon, with 100,000 people, is predominantly Sunni, though it also has important Christian, Shiite and Palestinian minorities. A balance will have to be found to save it from intercommunal battlelines. There is grave concern about the Awali River Sector in the deepest part of the IDF's occupation zone. Many fear increased guerrilla operations and harsh Israeli countermeasures in the coming months, with the outbreak of large-scale sectarian fighting after the IDF pulls out.

This would pit the Shiite guerrillas against the 'South Lebanon Army', a 2,000-man Lebanese militia created, financed, trained and equipped by the Israeli government. The force, consisting mainly of Christians, is to be left in control of a 6-12 mile border strip. It has been given 44 tanks, armoured personnel carriers, 155 mm Howitzers and hundreds of Russian-made AK-47 rifles, which the IDF took from the PLO. The Shiites do not match the SLA, but things may change once the IDF pullout opens up the supply route to Beirut. Even so, Shiite guerrillas operating out of what the IDF fears as the 'Iron Triangle' on the coastal plain have boosted the number of attacks of IDF and SLA troops to about 70 a month.

Whether the worst can be avoided now depends largely on whether the Lebanese government can co-ordinate the deployment of Lebanese Army brigades, assisted by United Nations troops, to fill the vacuums as they occur in southern Lebanon. Unfortunately, the efforts to develop an effective central government in Beirut, one that can credibly give orders to a unified national army, have been steadily undermined by the occupation of Lebanese territory by foreign armies. Therefore unchecked disturbances, if they occur in the south, may trigger a deeper security and political crisis in the capital itself, the most troublesome outcome of which could be the overrunning of the moderate *Amal* leadership by the *Hizbollah* fundamentalists.

Many Lebanese — Christians in Beirut and perhaps especially the Shiites of southern Lebanon — felt one positive outcome of Israel's onslaught in their country was the opportunity it presented for putting Lebanon's political system back together again: the days of PLO interference were over. Instead we have seen a Syrian-inspired Moslem uprising, which led to the collapse of the Lebanese Army, the hasty pullout of the US Marine 'peace-keepers' from Beirut and the installation of a Syrian-dominated government which immediately ripped up the 17 May peace accord. Instead of a peace treaty, Israel faces a fragmented Lebanon for a neighbour, in the south the growing power of the Shiites, who never before threatened Israel but are now increasingly radicalised.

Although the Lebanese invasion set off a new round of violent conflicts within the PLO, Yasser Arafat has survived. The IDF may have demolished the PLO's infrastructure, but it will not be a lasting solution to the Palestine problem let alone Israel's border security. Radical PLO organisations have already re-established offices in West Beirut — and may next go to Sidon. It will be several years, perhaps, before the PLO's tanks and heavy artillery are seen in town like Sidon, Tyre and Nabatiyeh. But in this Lebanon nothing can be ruled out. □

USA

BRASS KNUCKLES FOR AMERICA

Claudia Wright on the man tipped to replace Kirkpatrick

Washington

FOR SOMEONE with a reputation as the Reagan Administration's best rhetorician, Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick managed to talk herself out of her job at the United Nations and her place in government with unexpected clumsiness. Retired Major-General Vernon Walters, the leading candidate to replace Kirkpatrick certainly lacks her gift for hyperbole.

Whereas Kirkpatrick delighted in taunting her audience with advocacy of military mayhem, coups d'état, and invasions by US forces or their surrogates in Africa, Asia and the Middle East — in a friendly valediction the *Washington Post* said she 'spoke for freedom' — Walters has said almost nothing in public, while helping to orchestrate most of the Administration's clandestine operations. Walters's candidacy for the UN post carries an unusual cachet: directly or indirectly, he has been involved in overthrowing more governments than any other official still serving in the US government.

Now 67 years old and a confirmed bachelor, Walters joined the US army when America joined the war in 1941 and was promoted steadily from Private to Major-General. After early language training in Catholic boarding schools in England and France, he became proficient in French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch and Russian. For the most part he functioned as a high-level interpreter and military attaché, working through the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), rather than the CIA. In May 1972, however, President Nixon made him deputy director of the CIA, where he remained, through the arrival and departure of a new President and four CIA directors, until August 1976. For the period of the Carter Administration, he was in the private consulting and arms business. In 1981 he was named by General Alexander Haig as ambassador-at-large in the State Department.

By his own account and those of others who either worked with or against him in the intelligence bureaucracy, Walters was involved in the 1953 Anglo-American putsch that overthrew the Iranian government of Mohammed Mossadegh and replaced the young Shah on his throne. In the early 60s, as military attaché in Rome, he was closely involved with the Italian intelligence service and with blocking the Kennedy Administration's 'opening' towards the Italian Left. In 1964 he helped facilitate the military coup that deposed the Brazilian government of Joao Goulart and replaced him with Walters's wartime military companion, General Castelo Branco. In 1967 he toured (but didn't serve in) South Vietnam extensively, calling the war 'one

Camera Press

General Walters: poor boy made powerful

of the noblest and most unselfish wars in which the United States had ever participated . . . it was in a sense the Tenth Crusade.' From 1967 to 1972 he was military attaché in Paris and intermediary for Henry Kissinger in secret contacts with the North Vietnamese and Chinese. Through his close relations with the French military and intelligence, he established himself as the man the francophone African dictators turned to when they needed help from Washington. In 1973 he was involved in the overthrow of Chilean President Salvador Allende. In 1975 he oversaw US and French clandestine support for the anti-government insurgents in Angola and has since been a strong supporter of Jonas Savimbi's Unita movement.

On political assassination Walters claims to be as fastidiously opposed as he has been to illicit sex. In his autobiography he recounts that one of his duties as a young liaison officer between American and French forces in Rabat, Morocco, in 1942 was policing the local brothels to ensure that US soldiers left punctually at 10pm, when the French took over. He says that one French madame offered him a complimentary prostitute or glimpse through the see-through mirrors. 'Madame', Walters protested, declining both offers, 'there is the dignity of the country which I represent'.

During his time at the CIA, the Agency was implicated in the murder of Salvador Allende and of Allende's foreign minister, Orlando Letelier (who was assassinated in Washington a few weeks after Walters had retired). Years later, after US prosecutors had accused senior officials of DINA, the Chilean intelligence agency, of planning the killing, Walters conceded that he had known the Chileans but had no idea of their plan for Letelier. 'I have always been against political killings for three reasons', he told a Congressional sub-committee in March 1981. 'They are against the law of god; they are against the law of man; and they don't work.' In this case, he suggested, there was no doubt that Letelier 'was receiving money from the Cuban intelligence service', but the assassination only served to worsen relations with the Pinochet government on whom Walters counted for help in combatting the 'projection of Soviet power around the world' and in 'the defence of the shipping lanes in the Southeast Pacific and in the South Atlantic'.

People like Walters can only be understood in

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terms of the traumatic impact on them of a sudden spell of 'downward social mobility'. Henry Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, even Ronald Reagan, endured the humiliation as young men of falling below what they thought of as their 'rightful' economic status, resulting in a belief in the ethic of 'personal success' and in violent hatred of the Left. In Walters's case, his father lost his fortune in the Depression. His son was forced to start work as a teenage officeboy in an insurance company. Unlike most of the intelligence community he would later meet during the war in the Office of Strategic Studies, or afterwards in the CIA, Walters lacked Ivy League credentials — and was Roman Catholic to boot.

His career success he attributes, therefore, to a triumph of personal will over all obstacles. He reads history in the same way and is obsessed by Communism and the Soviet Union — the personal adversary of his lifetime. While others were 'soft' — 'pious dupes of the new left' he has called them — he has been 'hard'. His success proves in his view who has been the wiser. He fantasises about the existence, deeply buried within the Kremlin, of 'a superb mechanism for coordinating [Soviet strategy] and playing it like an organ, the right notes when they want at the right places and the right time'. Walters concedes that it is not foreign Communists who can defeat US policy. 'If our enemies are to win, then America must be stopped from within.' The Congressional and press investigations of the CIA in the mid-70s were for Walters a failure of American will. 'If we use kid gloves and they use brass knuckles, he has written, 'then our way of life and with it human freedom will stand in very great danger'. □

FRANCE

COMMUNISTS LOSE THEIR BASE

John Eisenhammer reports on this week's PCF Congress

CONGRESSES OF THE FRENCH Communist party since the war have been largely 'high masses', where the faithful congregate in a celebration of ritual and shared conviction, receiving the truth from on high. This time, however, delegates to the 25th PCF congress, now meeting at Saint-Ouen (6-10 February), find themselves at a much more troubled and turbulent gathering. The aura of certainty and almost military obedience which once characterised the party have gone.

Many local cells have disappeared; activists no longer regularly attend meetings and marches; the claimed membership of 610,000 is more like 200,000, if not less; the latest opinion polls credit the party with a mere 10 per cent of the vote, half the level of six years ago. A once mighty machine is in danger of becoming a marginal force in French politics.

The Communists' experience in government with the majority Socialists was an unhappy one, especially after the Mitterrand government's brutal switch in 1982 from a policy of economic expansion to one of austerity. But the PCF's departure from office last summer, while easing some of the party's immediate tensions, did nothing to resolve the long term difficulties confronting it.

To the questions 'what went wrong?' and 'what can be done?' a growing number of activists find the leadership's explanations less than satisfactory. The party is bitterly divided, between a minority of so-called reformists who think that the PCF needs to undergo radical change - one leading reformer, Marcel Rigout, called it a 'cultural revolution' - and the hardliners who see nothing that a return to traditional working class orthodoxy and discipline cannot cure.

The resolution drafted by the hardline-dominated party leadership for this congress became the battleground for the opposing factions. The resolution will of course be passed - the hardliners are still in control -but instead of the unanimous rubber stamping of the past, it will be a messy, discordant process.

In its resolution the leadership employed the time honoured technique of passing the buck. The traitorous Socialists, one time coalition partners, are blamed for everything. The Communist party, it is argued, has been misunderstood and, if it is now doing badly, it is because the strategy of the united Left, begun in the late 'sixties, was flawed - by the faults of the Socialists.

But too many awkward questions persist -and the reformists are vociferously demanding more convincing answers. Why did the Union of the Left in the 'seventies favour the Socialists far more than the Communists? Why, when the PCF had officially deserted the united Left strategy in 1979 did it then join the Socialists in government in 1981? Why, if the Socialists had abandoned their left-wing policies back in 1982 as claimed, did the Communists stay on with them in office for another two years? Can the PCF's chronic decline be the fault of external forces alone?

As the draft resolution wended its pre-congress way via debates in local cells, sections and departmental federations, it encountered unprecedented opposition, sometimes only being passed after savage amendments. Apparatchiks sent from Paris to monitor local debates found themselves often unable to control events. In Paris itself, where the party has gone to great lengths over the last five years to weed out dissidents, some 20 per cent failed to support the resolution.

The PCF's difficulties have led to talk of an historical, sociological decline. As the party's traditional working class bastions are eroded - the industrial 'red belt' around Paris, the steel and coal industries of the north east - so, it is argued, the party will inexorably whither away. True, the old industrial working class is dwindling, but this begs the real question - that of adaptation. For there will always be the poor, the disaffected, the excluded - but over time their consumption changes, as do their needs. The challenge facing the French Communists, and indeed many other Left parties, is how to remain relevant by internal innovation.

Up until now, the powerful combination of a persuasive conservative orthodoxy and tight organisational control within the PCF has thwarted any significant moves in this direction. The Communist party, distrustful of intellectuals, has always been proudly and self-consciously working-class, a working class it claims - alone, in France - to understand and represent. This constitutes a rock which the party clings to desperately.

In the mass protests of 1968 the party was offered an historic chance to break the mould of French left-wing politics. The Socialist party was at that time weak and discredited. The Communists could well have broadened their appeal across much of the Left, becoming much more than the party of the working class.

But the French communists are not risk takers - they chose instead to preserve what they had - their organisation - from outside infection. They turned in on themselves, spurning the student movement and other protesting voices. Instead, it was the Socialists who rebuilt themselves on these new forces.

From that time on the PCF looked suddenly old and outdated. Its vulgar Marxist liturgy sounded out of place; its crude assessment of the

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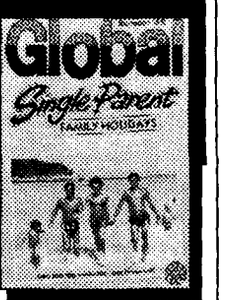

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economic crisis as the fault of American imperialism and the West German 'Konzerns' lacked credibility; its inability to cut the umbilical cord with Moscow, whose image had much deteriorated among the Western working class, tarnished its appeal.

Now, however, the French Communists are perhaps being offered, yet again, an opportunity fundamentally to recast their political future. All the signs point to a defeat for the Left in the 1986 general elections. The Socialists, always an uneasy grouping of forces, could well break under the strain of a heavy drubbing at the polls. The Communists would then have another chance to build up a wider following among the fragments of the broad Left.

But this would require a very different sort of party. The battle now raging between the reformists and the hardliners is essentially about just that – to retrench around the safety of orthodox values and tried and trusted formulae, to protect the organisation and its traditional working-class core, or to step into unchartered territory, opening the party up to a whole range of social forces.

The reformists accuse the hardliners of preferring the purity and discipline that only exile in the Communist ghetto can bring – permanent opposition maybe, but nevertheless true-blooded Communist opposition. For their part the hardliners fear that the reformers are introducing into the party values and practices which will sap it of its strength and sense of purpose – of those time honoured traditions which make it a party unlike the others. □

SRI LANKA

PUSHING TAMILS OFF THE LAND

The US presence in Sri Lanka, centred on its control of the naval base at Trincomalee, is becoming ever more dominant. Against this background, the Jayawardene government is intensifying its action against the Tamil minority, reports Amrit Wilson

A SIGNIFICANT long-term policy is being implemented by the government. Popularly known as 'the Sinhalisation of Tamil areas', it involves both mass evictions and making people move to diffenent areas around the rural regions of north and east Sri Lanka.

Losing their land is, of course, nothing new for peasants in Sri Lanka. In colonial times land was forcibly taken from them by the British for conversion into plantations. This continued in neo-colonial days. Between 1979 and 1982, in the guise of improving irrigation schemes through the massive Mahaweli development scheme, small farmers were robbed of their land which was sold at low prices to multinationals like British American Tobacco. More recently peasants in the Monaragala area in the South have been threatened with eviction to make room for sugar multinationals like Booker International. But in the Tamil north and east of Sri Lanka the reasons for land grabbing by the State are more complex.

Here, Tamil peasants and fisher people are losing their land and livelihood not to western multinationals but to Sinhalese settlers brought in from the south. In Vavuniya district, for example, Tamil plantation workers who had fled from racial violence in the south were resettled around the Dollar and Kent farms. About six months ago they were driven off these lands by the army as part of a government 'village expansion scheme'. The farms and surrounding areas were then settled with Sinhalese ex-convicts.

The churches, schools and co-operative stores which served the Dollar and Kent farms were taken over and used to provide accommodation for the army and jailguards who accompanied the convicts. Rapes and killings of Tamils in the surrounding area became increasingly common. In December, both the Dollar and Kent farms were blown up in a daring military attack by LTTE (Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam), the biggest and most politically powerful of the Tamil liberation organisations. The attack was portrayed as a monstrous massacre of innocent civilians and, although explosives — not guns — had been used, pictures of women and children shot with their hands tied behind their backs were displayed as evidence of atrocities.

Not only the army but government corporations nationalised under a previous, government have been pulled into action to implement Sri Lanka's 'West Bank' solution. In Mannar district the government took over 4,000 acres of land from Tamil owners for the nationalised Cashew Corporation. Sinhalese labourers were brought from the south to work there. The corporation then declared that it could not run the enterprise profitably and divided the land up among the labourers.

In the Vanni area — a coastal region of poverty-stricken fishing families and peasants — the criss-cross pattern of Sinhalese resettlement is perhaps most obvious. Government policy appears to be a replica of that suggested by the World Zionist Programme (for the West Bank from 1979-83) which says 'settlements must be carried out not only around the settlements of minorities but in between them.' And as on the Israeli-occupied West Bank the resettlements are now being accompanied by cultural 'discoveries'. A Museum established in Vavuniya is full of statues of Buddha and remnants of Sinhalese and Buddhist civilisation 'unearthed' from Tamil villages all over Vanni. A senior civil servant who recently fled from Sri Lanka has said: 'It is astonishing that not a single villager or government officer, writer, historian or even labourer was involved in or even aware of these items unearthed. . .in other words they were bought or prepared and brought from outside to establish that Vanni was a Sinhalese area in history.'

Land is of course an emotional issue inextricable from a peasant people's traditions but in northern and eastern Sri Lanka it is first and foremost a means of survival. So while the demographic changes are being brought about to try and crush and control organised resistance, their very establishment has served to force people to fight back against the Sri Lankan state not merely in support of the liberation movements but for their own lives. That is perhaps why the Minister of Internal Security now effectively sees all Tamils as terrorists. 'Who is a terrorist' asks Athulathmudali? 'Is it the person who uses the gun? Or is a person who gives a house to another who has a gun and wants to kill also not a terrorist? He who watches the movement of the army and then goes and tells a terrorist: "do not go that way the army is around"; is he also not a terrorist?' □

USSR

LIVING MEMORIES OF THE GREAT WAR

Stephen Cohen describes the gulf between the 'lessons' drawn by the USA and USSR on World War II

FOR MOST of us in the West, World War II is a remote and half-forgotten historical event. For Soviet citizens, however, it is the 'Great Patriotic War' and a traumatic experience that ended 'only yesterday'.

Those different national memories, and the political conflicts they generate, will be especially apparent this year, which marks the 40th anniversary of the end of the war. In the United States, few if any commemorations will occur before the traditional V-E Day ceremonies on 8 May. In the Soviet Union, a jubilee is already under way.

It is a mistake to think, as many Western observers do, that Soviet memories of World War II are prolonged merely by the unending flow of official propaganda. The government promotes the remembrance, as reflected in more than 15,000 books on the subject and memorials in every town, but the popular emotion is genuine. More than any other event, including the Russian Revolution, the war shaped the Soviet Union as it exists today, as a political system, society and world power. Its legacy endures among citizens because it was an experience of inseparable — and colossal — tragedy and triumph.

The tragedy began on 22 June, 1941, with the massive, unexpected German invasion and the near total Soviet defeat. After four years of savage fighting from Moscow to Berlin, it culminated in 20 million Soviet deaths, about equally divided between soldiers and civilians. That often cited but little understood statistic meant that virtually every family lost one member or more. And it does not include the millions of survivors who were maimed for life.

Nor has the mourning stopped, particularly among women. Displaying worn photographs of their lost sons, aged mothers of soldiers listed only as missing in action (millions are so

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designated) still haunt veteran reunions in hope of some word of their fate. And because only three per cent of all men between the ages of 17 and 20 survived the struggle, millions of women of that generation never married or had children — 'their loneliness' as *Izvestiia* reported recently, yet another 'terrible echo of the war'.

National glory can never compensate for such tragedies, but for most Soviet citizens final victory gave sacred meaning to their personal losses. In their eyes, it brought three great achievements: the destruction of the Nazi war machine that had conquered the whole of Europe; the creation of the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe that was to guard against another invasion from the West; and the nation's historic rise to great power in world affairs. So popular were those accomplishments that even embittered Russians often forgot, or forgave, the Soviet government's misdeeds that had contributed to the catastrophe of 1941.

The shared wartime experience of 'grandeur and grief', as a Soviet poet characterized it, changed the relationship between the Communist party-state and society in fundamental ways. For the Slavic majority at least, the system finally became a truly national one and thus legitimate. But Soviet 'Communism' also changed during the 'war for the Fatherland', as traditional Russian nationalist values overwhelmed revolutionary, and internationalist ones in the official ideology.

If nothing else, the war forged a lasting affinity between popular and official outlooks on the Soviet Union's overriding purpose at home and abroad. Henceforth, it was to do everything in order to guarantee that the country would never again be unprepared for a surprise attack. That alone explains persistent popular support, despite the sacrifices involved in everyday life, for the government's obsession with national security, including its hold over Eastern Europe, its constant fear of 'falling behind' in any area of weaponry and the high priority it gives to military expenditures.

THE WAR's legacy also underlines deeply ambivalent Soviet attitudes toward the United States. On the one hand, officials and citizens alike frequently recall with warmth the Soviet-American alliance and gratefully acknowledge the United States aid, or Lend-Lease, that accounted for about 4 per cent of gross Soviet production during the years 1941-45. On the other hand, they resent bitterly any American slighting of their role in World War II, behind which they see a 40-year effort to deny the Soviet Union its hard-won right to full equality in the postwar world.

Perceiving such slights, as they did last year in the American-French commemoration of D-Day at Normandy and as they will during this anniversary year, Soviet officials insist that their struggle was 'decisive' in defeating Nazi Germany and 'saving world civilization'. With good reason, they argue that the war's major turning points took place at Moscow, Stalingrad, Kursk and other Soviet battle sites; that until mid-1944, almost 95 per cent of all Nazi ground forces were engaged on the Eastern Front, where Germany suffered 10 million of its total 13.6 casualties; and that 50 Soviet citizens died for every one American. Even after 40 years, no 'historical truth' is more important in Soviet minds.

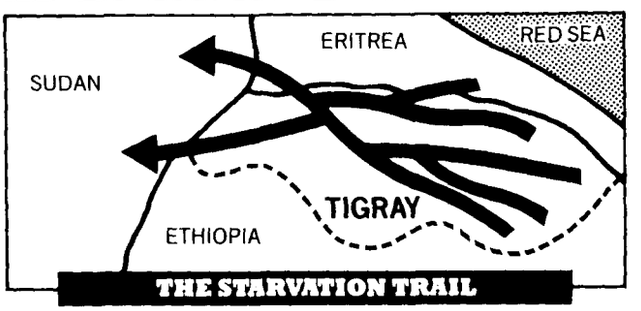
Apart from the need for 'eternal vigilance' Soviet officials are far less united on the lessons to be learned from World War II. Those in favour of détente still cite the wartime alliance as evidence that improved relations between the two countries are possible today. But other officials point no less adamantly to the German invasion as proof that perilous threats always lie in the West. Thus, their response to President Reagan's anti-Soviet crusade, in the early 1980s, was to equate him with Hitler.

Americans outraged by that analogy should consider the Soviet reaction to their own 'lessons' of the war. None is more offensive, even to many dissidents and émigrés, than arguments that the Soviet Union is a latter-day replica of Nazi Germany, driven by the same violent cults and insatiable lust for conquest and with whom any serious negotiations are Munich-like acts of 'appeasement'.

In the nuclear era, 'lessons' on both sides are as dangerous as Second World War concepts of civil defence. Symbolic acts of mutual understanding and memory are needed to dispel them. If the political will cannot be found by 8 May, 40 years after the day American and Soviet troops met at the Elbe, there is no reason to believe it will ever be found. □

Stephen F. Cohen is professor of politics at Princeton University and writes a monthly column on Soviet affairs for The Nation.

TIGRAY TRAGEDY



This week's television coverage has highlighted the agony of Tigray. 70,000 people a month are pouring into the Sudan in a desperate and futile search for food. Hundreds of thousands more are dying within Tigray.

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LETTERS

Fowler is no fool

Dr R. C. H Lyle, London E5

Unfortunately James Le Fanu, in his informative article on Norman Fowler's prescription proposals (*NS* 1 February) underestimates the government and therefore misses the point.

Can the motive for the proposals really be simply to save money? If so, the government could have adopted the Greenfield Report's 'generic substitution' which would probably save much more and which was almost universally welcomed by the medical profession. In Greenfield's system, when a GP prescribed a drug by its brand name, the pharmacist could substitute an unbranded (and therefore cheaper) tablet of the same drug, where available, unless the GP specified 'no substitution'. The government rejected this option without serious comment.

If Fowler had wanted to improve prescribing habits, he would have taken better advice. He would not have left the obvious gaps in his list, which Dr Le Fanu points out.

No, Fowler is no fool. He cannot have been unaware that to remove a large number of regularly used drugs, including prescription-only medicines, from NHS availability, is to put the issue of private medicine into every GP's consulting room - almost into every consultation. From 1 April, GPs will have to start writing private prescriptions for, and patients paying the full price of, frequently needed medicines. Nor will Fowler have forgotten that until now a major barrier to private practice - both general and specialist - has been that private doctors may not write NHS prescriptions. This barrier will be less significant from 1 April. And Fowler himself has said that the current list of affected categories is only the beginning. How long before only 'basic' antibiotics or 'basic' blood pressure tablets are available on a 'basic' NHS?

No wonder Norman Fowler has said he is happy to negotiate the details (i.e. take better advice) but will not negotiate the principle.

Old habits die hard

Vicki McLean, Cambridge

I was very disappointed to see the *New Statesman* falling into the old socialist trap of protecting male civil liberties at the expense of women.

The leader article (*NS* 1 February) was patronising and invidious. The writer is correct that 'women's intolerance of sexual harassment has increased significantly': but how ludicrous then to assert that Janet Foulkes's anti-kerb crawling bill moves us nearer to the police state. It is more likely that the Bill will heighten police awareness of how frequent, how degrading and how frightening unwanted sexual attention can be.

It is the hypocrisy of the writer that is most objectionable. Because the politics of the woman who has proposed the Bill are clearly more important than the women it seeks to protect, the article searches around for reasons to condemn it. It is sad that the *New Statesman* cannot adopt an attitude that consistently supports women in their fight for sexual equality.

Agitpop

Clare Hudson, Cardiff

Barney Hoskyns's attack on Band Aid's detractors (*NS* 25 January) is a gift to all Western governments who would have us believe that millions of people dying of starvation in Africa is an act of God: 'The trouble is that starvation is not political, it's just a fact. No blame can be assigned . . .'

In a world where the rich countries still manipulate the economies of the poorer ones - to our benefit, not theirs - through the activities of transnational companies, the IMF, the EEC and countless other trade organisations; in a world where most of the money and resources spent on science are devoted to developing weapons of mass destruction rather than to the kind of technology needed to counteract drought and disease in the Third World - how can anyone claim that starvation is not political? As someone who, with five other women, has just served a prison sentence for making these very points, I ask Barney Hoskyns to be more critical of what our government and most of the media would have us believe.

What Band Aid has achieved in raising public sympathy for Eritreans and Ethiopians is impressive. But raising public consciousness to act against the political causes of such famines is a longer and harder task, and it's unlikely to be such a hit with Robert Maxwell.

History lesson

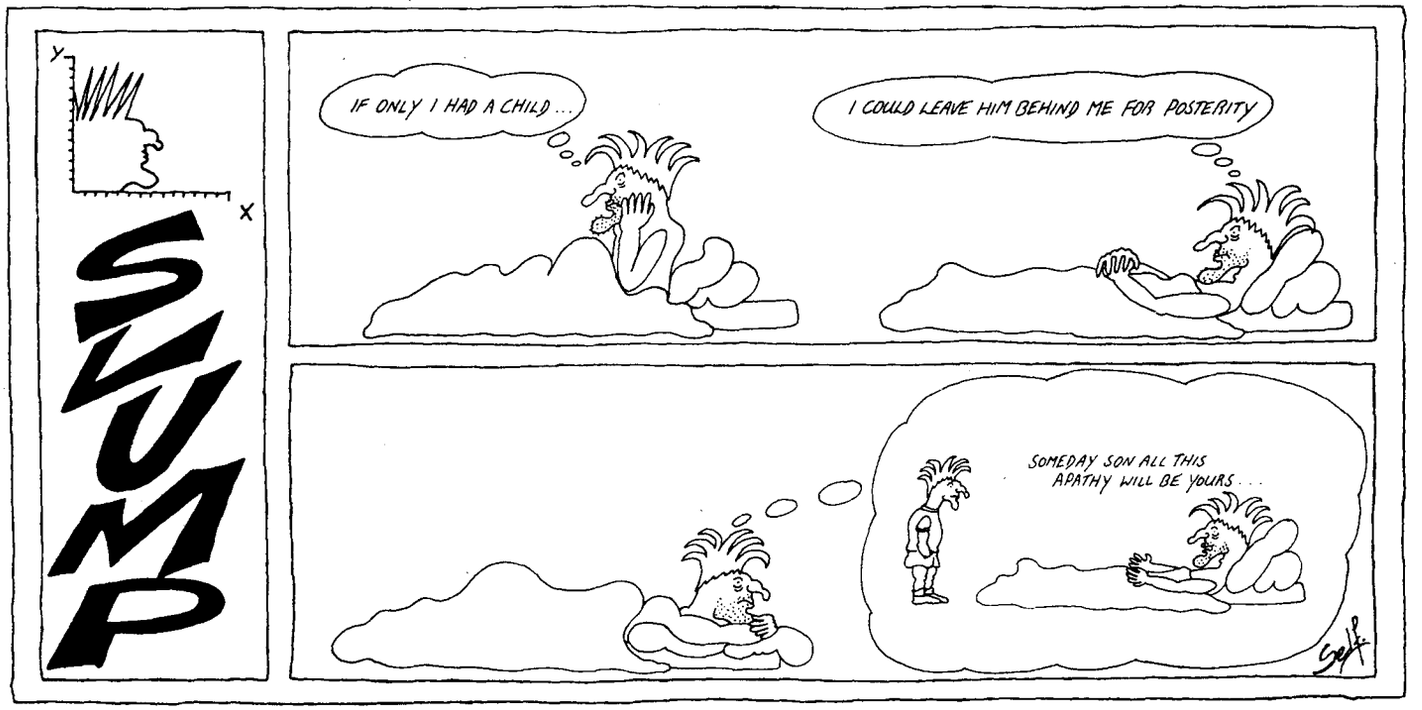
Denis Knight, Brighton

I am sorry Rick Middleton in his informative letter (*NS* 25 January) thought the use of the word 'doss-house' insulting to many people. I had intended it as irony. I apologise. He describes me as 'callously' listing 'alternatives to resettlement units' for homeless people. I was only warning that the Social Security Minister might be preparing to do so.

The point I was trying to make about the notion of 'reciprocity' within the old Poor Laws, and their destruction and replacement by the new Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, I must have stated badly, as Rick Middleton misunderstood it. It has, however, present-day relevance.

Briefly, the Amendment Act was effectively the destruction of the old poor-laws. The relaxed 'Speenhamland' arrangements of the old law, despite the denigration heaped on them by laissez-faire historians, had provided modest but appreciable social security benefits for the badly-off in the parish; and these were paid for by local landowners. Not just the unemployed, but the under-waged farm labourers, young couples and the elderly in need, received housing and financial help: not by way of charity, but as of legal right.

It was in this context that working-class opponents of the Amendment Bill had spoken of a lost 'social reciprocity', whereby the law had given protection, and the citizen his allegiance. The new Act broke up all such illusions. Parish relief was declared illegal. Centralised 'Union' work-houses



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were erected, and under prison conditions separating wife from husband in line with the new Malthusian and monetarist philosophy of early Victorian Thatcherism.

The unemployed had become a 'surplus' population. The 'Liberal' State in early Victorian England had revealed itself in a new, interesting and recognisable light.

Tribune: let the facts speak

Chris Mullin, London SW9

I do not want to get into a slanging match with Carl James and Chris Jones (*NS*, 25 January) except to say that their account of events at *Tribune* is false or distorted in almost every detail. A good example of exactly the kind of journalism they affect to deprecate.

There is, however, one lie that I would like to nail. They write: 'When Nigel Williamson was appointed several qualified women applicants were not even interviewed.' In fact there were no qualified women applicants on that occasion and had there been they would certainly have been interviewed. So anxious were we to find suitable women journalists that in later years we even gave trial shifts to unqualified women.

Finally, may I say that I do not expect anyone to take my word for what happened at *Tribune*. I do, however, invite sceptics to ask themselves why John Silkin, Lord Bruce and their henchpersons never at any time succeeded in attracting support for their takeover attempt from any member of the staff, any member of the Board of Directors or to my knowledge any of the many readers who wrote to us on the issue.

For the record

P. J. Taylor, General Secretary, Immigration Service Union

Members of the ISU have been reading with some amusement Mr Jenkins's sensational reports on the activities and attitudes of the Immigration Service (*NS* 26 October 1984 & 25 January). However, entertainment, as ever, has a tenuous contact with reality and I am forced to put pen to paper in order to respond to his latest statements concerning the Immigration Service Union's alleged right-wing politics and its lack of support for two former members.

It is a fact that numerous enquiries and investigations into the Immigration Service, including that of the Commission for Racial Equality, have plainly demonstrated that the allegations of racialism among the staff are totally unfounded. These individuals have, over the years, merely administered the Immigration Rules as approved by Parliamentary majorities of differing persuasions and the ISU has maintained a total embargo on any involvement in the debate on immigration policy. This commendable stance is lamentably portrayed by Mr Jenkins as right-wing. In a similarly irrational way, he has attempted to describe the Immigration Service Union as a tool of management by reference to myself as a Chief Immigration Officer, a management grade within the Immigration Service. The facts of the matter are that the policies and activities of the ISU are determined by the National Executive Committee and Delegate Conference of the union, neither of which have shown any sign of management bias since they represent the democratically expressed views of individual members, of whom the basic grade is in the vast majority.

The charge of defending two former members, Messrs Scott and Brion, in a desultory fashion is also rejected because any shortcomings in the conduct of their complaints arose because of their insistence on continuing to represent their own cases while the ISU was taking action, even to the extent of involving other organisations, without informing the union about this simultaneous representation.

FEEDBACK

Screening out reality

LIKE ANY language of thought, socialism has a system of rhetorical devices for screening out what it cannot bear to understand. Consider, for example, the use of that stock character of socialist pantomime — the metropolitan liberal intellectual — in Raphael Samuel's polemic against my views on the miners' strike (*NS* 11 January). Like the top-hatted capitalist in the Soviet cartoons, the metropolitan intellectual is a symbol which thought employs to guide itself down the pleasurable slide of caricature. Like a puppet it also serves to conceal the identity of the puppeteer. Those who know and love Raphael Samuel know him to be as much of a metropolitan intellectual as I am. Yet by the magic of caricature, he can pass me off as an agonizing London liberal and himself as a doughty organic brain worker from Barnsley. The unpleasant aspect of this otherwise innocent intellectual gamesmanship is that it uses an argument *ad hominem*, an argument from class to disqualify, to screen out the content of what I am arguing.

In any event, I am uncomfortable as most English people are with the Gallic pretensions of the term intellectual and wrote instead as a citizen connected to the miners' strike by socialist convictions and by a common connection to the national community. The fact that Raphael Samuel, and many other socialists, regard the idea of a national community as a mythopoeic fiction foisted upon us by Fleet Street and right-wing ideologists speaks eloquently of the failure of socialist language as anything more than the *lingua franca* of competing minority interests. Here, too, the dead hand of the language of class weakens socialist appeal precisely at the point where it ought to be strongest: as the voice of the common good against the divisive dogmatism of Mrs Thatcher.

If one believes that the national community is a liberal fiction, then one cannot even raise the question of how the miners' interest is to be reconciled to the national interest. If one believes, as Raphael Samuel seems to do, that to enter into any discussion of the economics of subsidising mining communities is to enclose oneself within the logic of Thatcherism, then one is simply taking a pious moral refuge from the hard political questions posed by the strike.

Socialists have an irrepressible penchant to take the high moral ground on every issue without giving much thought to the means necessary to hold that ground against opposition and economic difficulty. They prefer good consciences to good arguments. Support for the miners and their communities is so much hot air — moral tourism through the edifying landscape of their suffering — unless one is prepared to take the trouble to define how *much* of a nation's resources must be diverted from other potential uses to subsidise coal which cannot be sold at current prices.

Politics is not the enactment of moral postures, but the allocation of resources between competing moral commitments, between, for example, extending welfare provision for those out of work and subsidising the jobs of those who are employed. To insist there are no economic grounds for closure of pits is simply to maintain that there is no limit in principle to the claims which mining communities can make on national resources. As a negotiating position this line has been a catastrophe: miners and their families have suffered for 11 months while their leadership edges crab-wise towards the admission that the cost of coal production may be *one* of the factors determining the long-term viability of the pits.

I cede to no one in my contempt for the government's strategy in the strike, but I am certain that they would have been put in a much more difficult position in the national debate and around the negotiating table had the miners announced from the outset that they were there to discuss the level at which production costs made pits unviable. Instead, by denying the relevance of any economic argument to their future, they helped to alienate the support of fellow workers who, with less powerful unions behind them, know only too well that moral commitments which cannot be backed up by economic argument are a dangerous form of adventurism.

If socialists suppose that this is a defeatist position, they understand nothing about the reality of politics in an economy which can no longer satisfy each competing sectional claim. If they suppose that questions about the viable level of coal subsidy is a problem only for Thatcherites and hard-hearted liberals, they will be disastrously unprepared for the choices which will confront them on the morning they return to power to rebuild this country after a decade of Thatcherian desolation.

Michael Ignatieff

Still Liberal after 15 years

Mark Smuhan (for the Liberator *collective)*

I was horrified to read (*NS* 1 February) that the Cambridge University Right are publishing their nauseating work in a magazine titled *Liberator*.

Just so that there is no misunderstanding (deliberate or otherwise) on the part of your readers may I make it clear that this publication has absolutely no connection whatsoever with the radical Liberal magazine *Liberator*. After 15 years of continuous use I should have thought we had a somewhat better claim to the title than they.

Why advertise?

Michael Lloyd, Edinburgh

I take issue with Michael Leapman (*NS* 25 January) over the rights and wrongs of advertising on the BBC.

He says the idea that advertising is corrupting stems from upper-class attitudes to 'trade'. Surely advertising is corrupting for a number of other reasons? For one, it involves a deliberate distortion of the truth, for another it seeks to persuade by its appeal to base human greed, rather than objective rational argument.

Advertising is the enemy of clear thought, and I should not have expected to find anyone to defend it in the pages of the *New Statesman*. Incidentally, I write as someone who actually works for a commercial broadcasting organisation!

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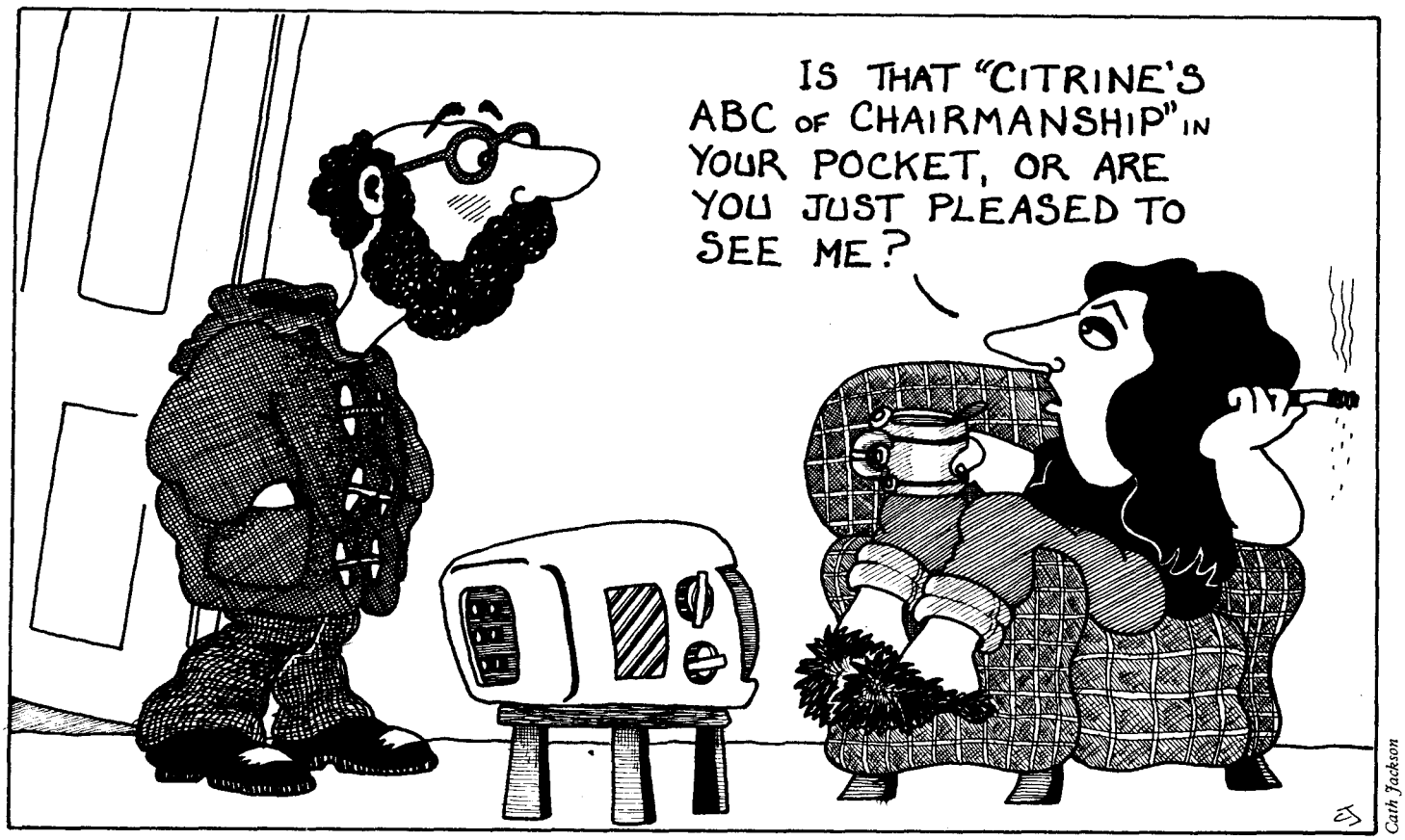

Cath Jackson

PUTTING THE SEX INTO SOCIALISM

What does Larry Whitty think of orgasms? What makes Dennis Skinner have one? Should Brenda Dean read pornography? JEFFREY WEEKS looks at the uneasy relationship between conventional socialists and sexual radicalism

I

SEX AND SOCIALISM have always made uneasy partners. 'There is a curious kind of socialism in this country', the criminologist George Ives wrote at the beginning of the century, 'which is allied with Christianity and even with Grundyism', and which was hostile to any idea of radical sexual change. Today, perhaps, we are a little less devoted to Christian ethics, and more open in our opposition to that archetypal symbol of moral censorship, Mrs Grundy. But a surprising number of socialists still shudder at the thought of entering too obviously into the dangerous domain of sexual politics, and would probably feel a warm glow for that pioneering socialist journalist, Robert Blatchford, in the 1890s: 'I am a radical but...the whole subject is nasty to me.'

The derision aroused by the efforts of the GLC to support lesbian and gay causes is one index of that fear. Another is the hesitation of the labour movement in confronting a number of current sex related issues, from sexual harassment at work to video nasties to pornography to the incidence of child abuse and incest. Even so widely praised a volume as the recent *New Socialist* collection, *The Future of the Left*, contains little on feminism, and even less on sexuality. The Left on this evidence does not envisage much of a new future for sexuality.

On the most basic, pragmatic level of political calculation timidity about sexuality is not surprising. Over enthusiastic support — or even the imputation of such support — for, say, the rights of lesbians and gay men, *can* prove a vote loser, as Ken Livingstone has himself observed. Moveover, in such a notoriously uneasy and inefficient vehicle for social change as the Labour Party there is never likely to be spontaneous or easy agreement on moral and sexual issues. Why offend the Roman Catholic vote on this; why upset a legendary working-class conservatism by that? When the labour movement is divided on so many issues, there seems little sense in introducing yet another ambiguous and controversial subject such as sex. That, traditionally, has been relegated to the safe sphere of private conscience, and a 'free vote' in the House of Commons. Why not leave it like that?

There is, possibly, an even more fundamental, if unconsciously held, reason why socialists are reluctant to get too politically involved in this fraught arena: sex traditionally has been seen as the most natural, intransigent and unchangeable fact about our otherwise social being. Social engineering might mould our health, our employment and our minds; moral engineering can shape our laws on marriage, divorce, censorship and sexual deviance. But underneath it all there beats a true, human-sexual nature, which is resistant to any fundamental transformation — and hence properly outside the scope of a political movement committed to achievable change.

Against this we can cite the growing evidence that far from being the most intransigent of human forces, sexuality is among the most malleable, subject to an exceptionally high degree of historical shaping and re-shaping. We only have to look at other times and other cultures and

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observe the multitude of different sexual patterns to grasp that. Moreover, the example of our contemporary women's and gay movements in challenging people's consciousness, social identities, and even sexual practices underlines the potential for significant sexual change. Even if this was not the case, there is still a basic reason why the Left should have an interest in sexual change. If there is anything which holds together a fissiparous movement, it must be some sort of commitment to social justice. It is not clear why justice for the sexually oppressed should be so much more controversial than any other cause — except, of course, that taint of nastiness which still clings to any discussion of sex in our ostensibly liberal culture.

II

PERHAPS THIS is not really surprising. Sexuality, *because* of its very malleability, is a fertile source of anxiety, arousing as it does intimate questions about personal identity and touching on crucial social boundaries. The erotic acts as a sort of crossover point for a number of tensions — of class, gender and race, of intergenerational conflict, moral responsibility and social acceptability. This is what makes sex such a fraught site of ethical and political concern — and of fear and loathing. On the one hand it is at the heart of our concepts of pleasure, delight, happiness and fulfilment. On the other it is a source of unease as fantasies of forbidden pleasures undermine our fixed sense of self, as polyvocal desires slip through the barriers we erect to maintain social stability and personal commitment. Sexuality is not an island apart, detached from all other human involvements. It increasingly pervades all aspects of social consciousness as the erotic becomes a commodity like others, used to sell everything from newspapers to motor cars to away-from-it-all holidays for the under thirties. Rosalind Coward's recent subtle evocation of 'female desire' pursued the temptations and perils of pleasure across a multitude of cultural phenomena, 'from food to family snapshots, from royalty to nature'.

Pleasure, desire, the dream of personal fulfilment are also bound up with the intricate play of power — between men and women, black and white, children and adults. Sexual desire may be disturbing and disruptive — but it is also locked in structures of power and of beliefs which organise and constrain.

It is not surprising then that sex is a subject too hot for most conventional politicians to handle. The occasional socialist MP might come out as gay or lesbian. We are unlikely to see the day when one of our representatives admits to paedophile desires or could follow Pat Califia, the American feminist defender of sado-masochism, in stating 'We select the most frightening, disgusting or unacceptable activities and transmute them into pleasure ...' The 'sexual fringe' is a well populated area, and perhaps the majority of us stray across its erratically policed boundaries at some time or other: sexologists from Kinsey on have observed (and sometimes celebrated) 'our common deviance'. But it is not so easy to find a common note of identity, nor carry the same political punch nor speak with a common voice. Mention of Pat Califia reminds us that feminists have divided bitterly over sado-masochism, paedophilia, pornography, homosexuality and relations with men.

Even more important than the differences between women is the divide between women and men. Female sexuality, as Carole Vance has put it, 'is simultaneously a domain of restriction, repression and danger as well as a domain of exploration, pleasure and agency'. The 'sexual revolution' of the 1960s had its positive side — piecemeal but valuable changes in the laws on male homosexuality, abortion, censorship, divorce and so on, gains which are even now having to be defended against the depredations of Thatcherism. But it also undoubtedly had more profoundly 'liberating' effects for men than women.

The breaking down of old authoritarian values and the full incorporation of sexual pleasure into the world of consumerism inevitably meant that it was those who could spend more who would most gain — and these were usually men. Moreover, it was male definitions of sexual pleasure that prevailed, even on the Left. One well documented source of the discontent that led to the rise of modern feminism was a revulsion against the sexual exploitativeness of women by 'liberated' male Left comrades. 'Sexual freedom' is an ambiguous concept: whose freedom, at whose expense, to do what? If the sexual radicals themselves cannot agree, it probably seems wise for even the most radical socialist politician to keep quiet.

III

THE PROBLEM is that the divide between sexual radical and socialist activist is to some extent crumbling, and this is a phenomenon not simply of the ultra Left but all across the spectrum of socialist politics. *City Limits* recently suggested that in some local Labour Parties up to 50 per cent of activists were lesbian or gay, and increasingly issues about the rights of sexual minorities are reaching more conventional political agendas — last year regional councils of the Labour Party; next year — who knows? — the Labour Party conference or the TUC.

On a local scale some of the old boundaries are being undermined. Support from lesbian and gay activists for the striking miners and their communities — despite knowing smiles and jokey scepticism from those in the know — produced a warm response as miners opened their doors to gay activists; and some miners came out as gay. Over £10,000 was collected by the lesbian and gay support group for the miners. As Engels noticed over a hundred years ago, 'in all times of great agitation, the traditional bonds of sexual relations, like all other fetters, are shaken off.'

Yet if we try to clarify the nature of the links between sexual radicalism and socialism we enter a web of contradictions in which the very nature of the socialist project itself comes up for question. In November last year I spoke on consecutive days at a Fabian Society weekend school and at the *Marxism Today* intellectual jamboree, 'Left Alive'. At the first there was a genuine bafflement amongst people I spoke to about this great fuss concerning sex and socialism. At the second, everyone seemed to take the link for granted — but weren't quite sure what it was.

The Fabian response represents what we can best call *economic socialism*. 'We are not dealing with Socialism as a religion, nor as concerned with questions of sex or family', Sydney Olivier stated in the original *Fabian Essays* in 1889:

> We treat it throughout as primarily a property form as the scheme of an industrial system for the supply of the material requisites of human social existence.

This is a strong position and has the merit of clarity, then and today. It followed logically enough that you either suspended judgement on other issues until after 'the transition' or you firmly declared that such issues as religion, the family and sex were outside the socialist agenda altogether. What this position lacked in an empowering vision it made up for in practical realism, and it is still perhaps the strongest strand in British socialism. Who could deny the relevance of economic realism with 3½ million unemployed?

Against this is a tradition which, while not ignoring the need for fundamental economic change, defines socialism in more comprehensive terms: an *emancipatory socialism* whose aim is no less than the ending of all forms of exploitation and oppression, including sexual oppression. This too has a long lineage with a powerful resonance in both the Marxist and ethical socialist traditions. One of its most influential exponents at the end of the 19th century, Edward Carpenter, looked forward to a real 'coming-of-age' of love in a 'really free society', where the ties of

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commercial civilisation and with them gender slavery and the oppression of homosexuals would fall away, like chains off the slaves' backs. For Carpenter, as for many others, the association of sexual freedom and socialism represented no haphazard coupling. The two were essentially linked as part of the forward march of humanity.

The problem then, as now, lay in defining what the contents of that emancipation might be. Marx and Engels were passionate advocates of the emancipation of women, but they never fully questioned the natural division of labour between men and women, and were distinctly hostile to homosexuality. Edward Carpenter, on the other hand, regarded attitudes towards homosexuality as almost an index of the approximation to true socialism. Charles Fourier in the early 19th century and Herbert Marcuse in the mid 20th, displayed an acute interest in the connections between socialism and the liberation of hitherto execrated sexualities, including paedophilia. Wilhelm Reich, on the contrary, offered a ruggedly genital and heterosexual vision of 'the sexual revolution'. Where today, would we draw the line against those destined for liberation: at the sado-masochist, at the paedophile or at the pornographer?

The truth is that the actual history of socialism suggests that there is no *necessary* connection at all between the socialist project and radical sexual politics; and even where the connection has been declared the link has been more symbolic and asserted than concrete and argued.

Socialism provides no magic key for understanding ethical conflicts. It is striking, for example, that when Ken Livingstone recently attempted to explain his support for feminism he drew on the explicitly anti-socialist writings of the radical feminist Andrea Dworkin, who has recently lent her enthusiastic support to the authoritarian Right in America in attempts to develop new forms of censorship, rather than attempt to come to terms with the more subtle, complex and less fervently certain tones of British socialist-feminists. Is it worthwhile, then, trying to justify any connection between socialism and sexual politics? Yes, but the relationship cannot be assumed: it must be politically constructed and constructed out of the realities of the existing political situation rather than from the dreams of some transcendence and liberation beyond politics — and history.

IV

THE STARTING point for such links must be the changing terrain of Left politics. The rise of the modern women's movement and the mobilization of sexual minorities have produced new 'communities of interest' and new political subjects eager to be active on a wider political stage. It would be foolish to ignore the real differences that exist between these movements, and even within them, nor should it be taken for granted that these new forces are necessarily 'socialist' in their ambitions or direction. But the important point is that through their emergence new issues are being put on the agenda of national politics.

These new political interest groups and their preoccupations can be ignored, of course — which is what the national Labour Party has tended to do to them so far. They are not, however, as we have seen, ignoring the Labour Party. A profusion of special campaigns all testify to the energy of these new forces, and to the reference point the Labour Party still provides for general progressive politics.

The significance of the demands of such movements is that they put into question relations of power at levels largely unrecognised by the majority of socialists, and provide radically new insights into the complex and overlapping forms of domination of contemporary societies. They thereby also signal an enlargement of existing concepts of politics by proposing that what seemed microscopically personal (relations in the domestic sphere, sexual harassment at work, sexual practices and preferences) are all potentially political and politicizable, both because they are not ultimately personal in any essential sense, for they are all products of social processes and enmeshed in social relations, and because they engage people's involvement in a way that conventional political struggles could not.

Inevitably, such politics offer a critical challenge to the traditional class based politics of the British Left. The subordination of women and the oppression of homosexuals could only be reduced to class and economics by tortuous intellectual acrobatics — not that they were tried — and the new social movements were hardly likely to take their place in the queue of attention *after* the introduction of socialism.

The emergence of these new movements does not mean that other conflicts — against poverty, unemployment and racism — become redundant or less important. Indeed, they help shape sexual issues, reinforcing the conflicts inherent in them. But it does suggest that the Left can no longer work in its well hallowed way as if the only significant dichotomy in our society was between capital and labour. A new social geography demands a new politics.

So far these changes have been better recognized by the Right than by the Left. The changes in the sexual scene over the past generation have been significant — but they have aroused fear as well as opportunity, the demand for protection as much as for a new definition of freedom. In a series of areas of social and personal life — sex education, birth control for the young, access to sexually explicit material — the New Right are already intervening to challenge individual freedoms in the name of a new, or rehabilitated, set of absolute moral values. The new absolutism has many affinities with the old — it is often rooted in the same traditionalist or fundamentalist religious values — but its new gloss stems from a fashionable flirtation with sociobiological speculations about our 'true' human nature, and from a contingent affinity with certain trends within radical feminism (particularly its hostility to pornography and violence).

This New Right ideological offensive has not as yet captured public opinion. Victoria Gillick, speaking in the name of 'honouring one's parents' may have the sympathy of the law as the most patriarchal profession but she did not convince the bulk of the medical profession. On the contrary, the evidence of polls as well as of the continuing growth of the 'sexual fringe' suggests that at grass roots we are getting more, not less, liberal. But the waves of moral panics that frequently sweep across the media and the country — most recently on child pornography, video nasties, child abuse and AIDS — are being responded to and channelled most effectively by the Right, who are now increasingly setting the agenda of sexual politics.

If Labour is serious about challenging authoritarianism, new and old, and about expanding the meaning of democracy it has no excuse for ignoring the sexual democracy that is burgeoning all around us, and yet is currently under threat. Democracy is messy, controversial, disruptive, occasionally, indeed, 'nasty'. But it is also about people deciding, individually and collectively, what the conditions of their lives should be. The Right sees quite clearly the implications of this and are politically intervening to restore many traditional prerogatives and close that space for experimentation that seemed to be opening out in the 1960s and 70s. The Left can scarcely afford to be less vigilant in the defence of and advancement of sexual freedom, and in the welcoming of diversity and choice. The radical politics around sexuality that emerged in the past generation pose a major challenge for the Left — but also an opportunity to harness new energies for a democratic advance. It is time the Left took sex seriously. □

Jeffrey Weeks's new book, Sexuality and its Discontents: Meanings, Myths and Modern Sexualities *will be published by Routledge Kegan Paul later this year.*

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Sensoring

Nicholas Murray

Forms of Feeling in Victorian Fiction
BARBARA HARDY *Peter Owen* £12.50

IT IS NOW half a century since Lord David Cecil, in *Early Victorian Novelists*, produced his memorable image of the honoured but unread Victorians:

> dim behind glass doors, or sallow with exposure to dust and daylight. . . As often as not when one tries to open the glass bookcase the lock sticks, stiff with disuse.

Although the old-fashioned bookcase has now been humped out on to the forecourt of the local junk shop, its place has been taken by a stripped pine bookshelf crammed with brightly designed paperback reprints of the Victorian classics, many featuring photographs of well known actors who have portrayed their characters in television serials. It is clear that Victorian novels — with or without benefit of serialisation — are hugely popular and no small part of their appeal is the fact that they are about people who feel deeply and passionately about the central emotional experiences into which their creators boldly propel them.

Barbara Hardy's book is a study of the ways in which the major Victorian novelists represented, explored and analysed feeling, the forms they found to do so and the particular individualising stamp each of the novelists put upon this process. She begins by surveying the realistic novelists' precursors: Bunyan with his mixed medium of allegory where the personified Faithfuls and Giant Despairs show a particularised emotional life in addition to their schematic value; Defoe with his dissections of the language of feeling; Clarissa's self-exploration; Fielding's comic analyses of human passion and Sterne's explorations of pathos and the limits of sentimentality.

Although the 18th-century novelists appear more analytic and reflexive than their realistic successors, the Victorian writers broke just as radically with simple mimesis. 'The narrative medium in all the major Victorian novelists,' argues Barbara Hardy, 'is reflexive, constantly diverting attention from verisimilitude to analysis.' The greater part of the book concentrates on a demonstration of this self-conscious representation of feeling in the art of the individual novelists.

Dickens is renowned for his ability to paint the emotions in primary colours but Professor Hardy argues that, although he chooses simple language and gestures for the expression of certain feelings, 'for the inner currents he devises complex forms of representation which are reflexive and analytic'. Dickens's most blatant form of reader manipulation was his occasional sentimentality — his shade has never been allowed to forget the death of Little Nell. Barbara Hardy argues, against Huxley, that Dickens is actually in control in these scenes but concedes that he can sometimes be on the wrong side of 'the dangerous verge between sentiment and sentimentality'.

Thackeray's approach to feeling is both 'comic and profoundly serious' and, like Flaubert, he was acutely aware of the dangers of sentimentality, nostalgia being 'one of Thackeray's favourite emotions'. In exploring the latter he touched upon 'the disturbed recollection of emotion' to represent a disordering of feelings which Barbara Hardy regards as 'a brilliant intuitive discovery'.

Mary Evans Picture Library

The death of Little Nell: a victim of Dickens's tendency to cross the 'dangerous verge between sentiment and sentimentality'

Of all the Victorian novelists Emily Brontë was perhaps the least analytic. *Wuthering Heights* is a lyrical novel where passion is stronger than moral reflection and the flow of feeling is frequently separated from the flow of events. Charlotte Brontë, by contrast, placed feeling in a moral scheme and tried to reconcile reason and passion. She was also capable of a direct address to the reader, often with a strong feminist accent.

George Eliot also intervened authorially, drawing the reader's own feelings into the analysis of the affective life, 'reminding us of a world beyond fiction'. She succeeds, too, in uniting the feelings with the life of the mind, exhibiting her characters' 'finely impassioned intelligence'.

Although Hardy's poems frequently embody restraint in emotional representation the novels are narrative and dramatic and he is 'a novelist of violent feeling'. He sets feeling against the natural world and 'links the crisis of feeling with a world beyond the world of art' and with social rituals. He is 'the least sentimental of Victorian novelists'.

Finally Henry James is a bridge between Victorian and modern. He is 'the first novelist to concentrate action within the consciousness of the character' and closely connects with George Eliot. This extremely subtle and refined novelist works through understatement and implication and in so doing takes us into the 20th century 'preparing for new modes of understatement, indirection, and silence'.

Barbara Hardy's study is English academic criticism at its best: scrupulous, intelligent, rich in local illumination and subtle discrimination but short on cross-reference, allusion and historical context. If I experienced some of its passages of descriptive analysis as *longeurs* I nevertheless came away with my sense of these writers deepened and enlarged. If there is a 'crisis in English studies' this book is unscathed by it: there is no methodological *angst*, no doubts about the canon, no theoretical or political axes being ground, no uncertainty about the status of authors, readers, texts and their proper relations. It is all done as if Terry Eagleton had never existed. □

Dictates

David Gilmour

A Need to Testify
IRIS ORIGO *John Murray* £12.50
Modern Italy 1871-1982
MARTIN CLARK *Longman* £19.50 & £12

FORTY YEARS after his death Mussolini still presents a problem of credibility, a problem which the volumes of scholarship devoted to him have made no easier to understand. Readers of Denis Mack Smith's books on the *Duce* come away astonished by the revelations

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of ignorance and blundering incompetence. How could such a man have ruled Italy for so long? Why, if he was so ridiculous, was there so little active anti-Fascism?

The Marchesa Origo provides an Italian answer to these questions by quoting Ignazio Silone's remark that Fascism 'created the *Duce*, seeing in him the image of the ideal self of millions of Italians'. To attack him was like telling a woman who spent her life in prayer that the saint behind her altar was of papier-mâché. Elsa Morante suggests a similar explanation in her novel *La Storia*. Nino, the principal male character, is in turn a Fascist, a partisan and a black marketeer, but whatever he's doing his behaviour is an imitation of Mussolini.

A Need to Testify contains a fine essay on biography and portraits of four of the author's anti-Fascist friends. There are moving descriptions of Silone and of Gaetano Salvemini, the historian who abandoned his research in order to promote the struggle against Fascism from exile. Both were remarkable men, courageous and honest and also isolated. With Croce they were among the outstanding intellectual figures in Italy, yet they had remarkably little following among Italians. The intellectuals who opposed Mussolini were embarrassingly few: 99 per cent of the country's professors swore an oath of loyalty to the Fascist regime.

Martin Clark is also surprised by the weakness of the anti-Fascists and argues that perhaps the real reason for their failure 'was that the Fascist regime seemed tolerable and was even popular, at least until 1937-8'. Clark does not underestimate the absurdities of the *Duce*, but these were usually invisible to most people. In the country Mussolini remained popular — there was political stability and little labour unrest — until the foreign policy bungles accumulated in the second half of the Thirties. 'It took years for most people to see through Fascism.'

Mussolini's rise to power is easier to explain than his retention of it. In **Modern Italy 1871-1982** Martin Clark catalogues the failures of Liberal Italy, the decadence of parliamentary politics, and socialist intransigence in the early Twenties as factors which assisted Fascism's ascent to high office. He also suggests that the regime survived because it did not carry through a real rupture with the previous system. It based itself less on the Fascist Party than 'on the old bureaucratic-military ruling class'. Fascism did not manage to take over the Senate or the police or the legal system. The civil service continued to be run by career bureaucrats.

This is an important point. Mussolini was always announcing plans to change this or that, but in fact he changed much less than is often supposed. Behind all the rhetoric about empire-building and making Italians more virile, there was a high degree of continuity in Italian life. Silone made a similar point to Origo in a comparison between Nazism and Fascism:

> Whereas Nazism absorbed every aspect of German life and thought, in Italy two other institutions went on existing side by side with the Fascist Party: the Church and the Family. This was true to such an extent that the Germans used to say that Fascism in Italy was not a totalitarian regime at all. This was a matter of national temperament — which Mussolini himself understood.

A Need to Testify is a sensitive and beautifully-written book by a remarkable writer. (Her evocative war-time diary *War in Val d'Orcia* has recently been republished by John Murray.) *Modern Italy 1871-1982* is also a valuable book, although of a very different type. It is, as Mr Clark states, 'a work of synthesis', a well-researched account of Italy's political, social and economic changes since Rome became the capital over a century ago. Although written in a generally light, sometimes ironic style, the book is presented unfortunately like a text-book with carefully regimented sections and sub-sections. It is also littered with signposts teling us what the author has done and what he is proposing to do. A chapter with 'industrialization and the economy 1896-1914' in its heading contains in its opening paragraph the sentence: 'In this chapter I will discuss the growth of the Italian economy between 1896 and the First World War.' This is then followed repeatedly by 'This chapter has shown . . . In the previous chapter I outlined . . . I discuss this at length elsewhere but I stress here that . . .' It's superfluous and becomes irritating. If the book is good, which it is, we don't need cumbersome directions to find our way around. □

Quiet eyes

John Latham

Please don't mind, Grandad, if I stay at home today
but I'd rather lie in bed and close my eyes,

remembering the way you twirled your shiny shoe
when you taught me out-swing corners, in the park,

and your eyes grew young and dreamy
when you told how Plantagenet, your horse,

stopped his cart outside the Cholmondeley Arms
until you bought a gill of bitter, in a pail.

You see, we did cremations in Joan of Arc
at school. I couldn't bear to see your eyes

when the undertaker slides you from the coffin,
ropes you to the stake and strikes a match.

How can they watch you bravely burning
— kneeling round you on their hassocks

singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers',
while the purple music squeezes on your ears?

I want you with me at the bottom of the garden
in the soft sun before the dark,

measuring my height against your buttons
— last month, I'd only three to go.

When I told you that your eyes looked tired
and asked if you would die, you were quiet

for a while, then squeezed my knee. 'Not before
you score left-footed for West Brom', you said.

I know the flames can't hurt — you're like Shadrach
and those other men you sang to me about.

But you won't feel easy in the holy smoke
until it's so thick that they can't see you.

Then you'll loosen your bone collar-stud again.
But those eyes, Grandad. Those quiet eyes.

Are you wearing your best waistcoat
with a bag of all-sorts in your secret pocket?

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FICTION

Mixed feelings

Harriett Gilbert

Love Medicine
LOUISE ERDRICH *Deutsch* £6.95
Heaven and Earth
FREDERIC RAPHAEL *Cape* £8.95
Family Myths and Legends
PATRICIA FERGUSON *Deutsch* £7.95
The Final Passage
CARYL PHILLIPS *Faber* £8.95 & £3.95

WHEN GRANDMA KASHPAW tries to refocus her husband's drifting affections by serving him up for his dinner, uncooked, the monogamous heart of a wild, male goose, she has the discretion to garnish the organ with lettuce leaves and boiled peas. Louise Erdrich's **Love Medicine**, in which the incident occurs, is a similarly thoughtful concoction: a tragedy made ingestible by its author's humour, tenderness, perceptiveness and restraint.

These qualities extend themselves most obviously to her characters: the inhabitants of a North Dakota reservation for Native Americans. The Kashpaws and the Lamartines are no one's idea of 'good' Indians (for a start, they're defiantly alive) but, and this is Erdrich's question, why the hell *should* they be good? Dispossessed of land, culture, religion and economic power — dragged into the American Nightmare of Christian sado-masochistic guilt, consumerism and war in Vietnam — that these few survivors of genocide drink, fight, destroy themselves and sell each other out is scarcely a matter for wonder.

Anger is what it more properly evokes and Erdrich, a Native American herself, might well have chosen to hurl that emotion like vitriol in our eyes. Instead, she offers us the same consideration that she tends to Grandma Kashpaw and her magic, to the errant husband Nector, chairman of the tribe and as weak-willed in politics as love, to gloriously fecund Lulu Lamartine, to simple-minded Lipsha Morrissey. Largely using her characters' own voices, she washes their stories backward and forward in rollers of powerful, concentrated prose through half a century (1930s to now) of loving, hating, adapting, surviving and tragically failing to survive.

If, to begin with, there are moments of confusion as to when is when and who is who, by the end the reader is soaked in the history and viewpoints of the reservation. Too soaked to leap up and act? Well, this certainly isn't a Native Americans' *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (if only because it's too complex a novel to work well as propaganda) but what kind of action, in any case, would resurrect a massacred race, an annihilated culture?

Love Machine is Erdrich's first novel. **Heaven and Earth** is Frederic Raphael's 17th, or thereabouts, and yet, of the two, his is the more uneasy. To start with its relatively stable scaffolding: Gideon Shand, 40-ish, an Open University lecturer, translator and TV researcher, is reaching a mid-life crisis. His work is increasingly unengrossing; his son, Tom, keeps getting laid into by thugs at his local secondary school; his daughter, Miranda, is fucking the vicar and Pamela, his physiotherapist wife, has less than nothing to say to him.

For this last, you might think he would be grateful, since almost everyone else in the novel (Gideon's sinister friend from Cambridge, Stephen Hellman; a neighbouring would-be novelist; Gideon himself; the vicar; Miranda) talks in interminably coiled, knotted ropes of Raphaelesque puns, private jokes, allusions. The plot, too, twists thicker and thicker as Gideon drags his indifferent family away from the city to rural life — a life in which the aforementioned Hellman, an extravagantly wealthy Jewish QC, plays an increasingly Mephistophelean role.

That adjective isn't hyperbolic. Evil and Good are palpable forces in this always provocative, often infuriating novel: a desperate mixture of comedy of manners, metaphysics and Gothic, whose climax, against all odds, is disarmingly touching and true.

Patricia Ferguson's **Family Myths and Legends** is, in its smaller-scale, self-contained way, an equally bizarre creation. Picking, like a psychopathic child, at the skin of apparent 'ordinariness' that covers one East End family, it sets out to expose those things that explain why skin was invented.

The family in question consists of Lily, an ancient matriarch of unattractive habits ('she. . .selected a hairgrip from amongst the encrusted trio littered beside her hair brush, and tenderly inserted the looped end into her right ear'), Lily's unmarried daughter Joan (who secretly furnishes her goldfish bowl with dolls' sofas and standard lamps), Joan's married sisters, her doctor nephew and various cousins and in-laws. Each, it transpires, is quite batty: gripped by obsessions; swept by fantasies; indulging in tortuous, unspoken games; paranoid; megalomaniac; murderous; striding away through inner worlds that have nothing at all to do with each other's and precious little with 'reality'.

But this isn't just another example of the genre Eccentric Family. Most obviously, and refreshingly, it isn't set among the upper classes; more to the point, the eccentricity, in all its horrible glory, is only a super-precise rendition of how each one of us actually behaves when there's no one to see or to hear. The novel's plot may be skimpy, its asides on the influence of cinema, the power of doctors, women's lot, not altogether profound, but it does have a special (and very funny) integrity.

The Final Passage, a first novel by the playwright Caryl Phillips, is a desolate account of betrayals. Structurally not entirely coherent, staggering here, there and everywhere to no useful narrative effect, it is still worth attempting to follow. At its centre stands Leila, a young woman driven from her Caribbean birthplace to Britain by her mother's illness, a disastrous marriage and the absence of a future where she lives.

The decade is the 1950s and, though Leila's more desperate than hopeful, her fellow emigrants feel otherwise. 'Me, I don't never see so many white people in my life,' says a man as

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their ship docks in England. 'It's true,' says another, 'but we all the same flag, the same empire.' It's through the emptiness of this faith that Leila sinks to her destruction. It's easy to get impatient with her as she lets first her husband (a bastard: his behaviour surely not *just* the result of colonial degradations) and then the indifference/hostility of Britain trample her to the pavement; but her tale is a part of our history that needs to be written. . .and read. □

POETRY

Self-contained

John Lucas

Dark Glasses
BLAKE MORRISON *Chatto* £3.95
The Branching Stairs
JOHN ASH *Carcanet* £4.95
C
PETER READING *Secker* £5.95

YOU MIGHT SAY that **Dark Glasses** is of the secret narrative school of poetry, but that would be to deny its individuality. Blake Morrison's volume is on the whole an assured one, from which nearly all signs of an earlier attachment to the Martians have disappeared. (He is, however, inclined to over-use the word 'like'.) There are one or two clear narratives, including the lovely 'A Child in Winter', from which I would wish away only the unnecessary epigraph from Cobbett, but for the most part *Dark Glasses* contains poems which are essentially hidden stories. Morrison is very good at this kind of poem. The question as I see it is whether this kind of poem is worth being very good at. And the answer? Yes and no. No, emphatically no, to 'Long Days', for example. 'His "summer cold" is consumption', it begins; and it ends:

> Foghorns thrum through dinner.
> He wears a red-spotted handkerchief
> To accommodate his phlegm.
> It's veal again, and in the swirl
> of the lighthouse he slides his plate back,
> untouched. Wasting to the end.

Morrison is the author of a good book on the Movement, and that last sentence of 'Long Days' is a kind of Movement pun. So what? It may be clever, but it isn't ... well, it isn't any more than that. And if you wanted to be very picky you could say that 'thrum' isn't a particularly good word to describe the foghorns and that the phlegm coughed up seems to consist of veal. But a deeper objection to what is being offered is that it simply isn't very interesting. 'Long Days' is by no means the only poem in the volume that reads like a potted version of a novel written by a committee of Elizabeth Bowen, Barbara Pym and Elizabeth Taylor.

Or is this to be unfair? Many of Auden's early poems were coded narratives about people in the kind of social world Morrison's poems deal with, where 'families roam the orchards,/At home among the tennis courts and lupins.' That comes from Morrison's 'The Renunciation' and in early Auden you get orchards and tennis courts. You also get a near-impenetrable opacity, and some of Morrison's narratives are deeply secret. But there is a difference. Auden's poems are typically about the enemy within: love, especially homosexual love, its pains, betrayals, wished-for achievements, provide their motivating force and their hidden subject. Politics and sex become interchangeable metaphors and the poems have about them a contained menace.

Morrison is more of a tease. This can be very enjoyable, as it is in the title-poem. Having set up a series of clues about crimes, including drug-smuggling, and having peopled the poem with stock underworld types, Morrison says 'But something cries out to be resolved'; and the poem ends in cliff-hanger fashion, as those who can explain the mystery approach: 'Just as you despair their red torches/Flash through the dark like fluke late raspberries.' . . . To be contd. It's rather as though you had wandered into a cinema half-way through a Hitchcock film and had to leave before the end. And to say that is to hint at my most serious doubts about the whole enterprise. Isn't it, even at its best, pastiche? The question is bound to crop up when we consider the ambitious long poem 'The Inquisitor' — it takes up half the book — for which 'Dark Glasses' in many ways seems to act as trailer. (Details from one recur in the other.)

What is the poem about? Well, there's a man who was a student, who became a teacher, who is recruited as a spy, who is involved with poetry, who married young, who has a faithless mistress; and there are episodes that tell us about the murder of 'God's banker', the early years of Lech Walesa and about Thatcher and the Falklands campaign. Morrison makes good use of the Toby figure from *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy,* in order to write about the drivelling decline of Empire and 'our leader', who 'dreams of bringing the Great back,/Her Jerusalem's made of sterling,/Her voice rings like a grocery till, softened/With the pity she's hardened from the land./... coming from the flatlands/She dreams of death on a high green hill.' The details of 'The Inquisitor' are nearly always exact. Or rather the poem exactly catches the details of the filmic and fictional worlds of the spy thriller: 'It's like that carriage on the night train,/Tobacco smoke fresh in the corridor,/ An invisible waiter at your back.' To see the world in terms of an unreadable or scarcely knowable mystery, full of clues that cannot be surely interpreted, is one thing. It is, however, quite another to make use of in-jokes ('you must speak to ... Kregraink'), or in any sense to suggest a collusive understanding that the whole thing is a kind of game. In his great Nobel Lecture, Czeslaw Milosz said that the totalitarian state 'can tolerate works which are conceived as autonymous systems of reference, enclosed within their boundaries'. I am making a serious objection against what I take to be a serious, talented book of poems when I say that over and again *Dark Glasses* seems to me to run the risk of falling into the error that Milosz rightly condemned.

The Branching Stairs also contains a long poem and, as with 'The Inquisitor', so 'Casino' seems to me not entirely able to escape the charge of being pastiche. In an end note John Ash says that the poem grew out of an abandoned prose work on the decadence, and that what survives is 'a kind of homage to Symbolism and the decadence'. But in fact the homage comes across as an anthology of camp effects variously borrowed from or harking back to Symons, Dowson, Mallarmé, Huysmans, old Villiers de Lisle and all. 'Vivian our Jacobean heroine in Art Nouveau dress/living in her perpetual twilight/in the perpetual odour of a successful banker's funeral/among lilies always lilies and violets Sappho's flower . . .' As for living, other poets will have to do that for us.

Ash is inventive, witty and irreverent. He is also fantastic and foppish, a combination of French Symbolism and John Ashbery. His poems are deliberately stagey and have a number of recurrent high camp props. Because he is so unlike most contemporary English poets Ash is able to write funny, put-down poems about, for example, the secret narrative school: 'The world appears/as a very dull novel in which the characters — Edwin, Wanda, Septimus and Moira,/are constantly looking out of windows to observe,/ bleakly or with sighs, that it is raining again' ('Some Boys'), or, in the prose poem 'Easy Journeys to Other Planets', about the Martians: 'Reading them one's life is changed! In future how will it be possible to look at a light bulb and not see it as a luminous fruit, to look at a detumescent penis and not think of a frozen prawn, to see the columns of the Parthenon without thinking of corduroy trousers!' There are several prose poems in this long, varied and seldom less than entertaining book, and among them I especially liked the comedy of 'A Letter from the Dwarf' and the Jamesianly self-conscious 'A Problem of Manners'. This latter poem is something of an exception, however, because for the most part Ash's poems are only very loosely tied to the earth. His kind of gaiety can be fun, but after a while you begin to long for the real.

Will such a longing survive a reading of **C**? In his previous collaborative volume, *5×5×5×5×5,* Peter Reading took five different lives and wove them into stories each of which ran for five sections, divided into five units containing five poems made up of five five-syllable lines. If you think that sounds like too much of a bad thing, think again. *C* is made up of a hundred poems, many of them prose-poems and each consisting of a hundred words. But *C* also stands for cancer of the colon and the poem is about the sufferer of this cancer, on whom a colostomy has been uselessly performed and it introduces the voices of his wife, his surgeon, a publican and the sufferer himself. 'Incongruously I plan 100×100-word units' Reading says, and incongruously the poem has about it an icy precision that can be very funny.

> My fistulae ooze blood and stink,
> I vomit puce spawn down the sink,
> diarrhoea is exuded.
> Do not be deluded:
> mortality's worse than you think.

> You find the Limerick inapposite? Try the pretty Choriamb?

> Bed-sores without; swarm-cells within.
> Rancified puke speckles my sheets.
> Faeces spurt out quite uncontrolled . . .

Poetry as Catharsis? As Consolation? Cant. □

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Shorter reviews

Rosamond Lehmann: An Appreciation

GILLIAN TINDALL *Chatto* £10.95 & £4.95

Rosamond Lehmann's novels are still bought and read for pleasure, notwithstanding their appearance on academic reading lists and heavy dissertations which find everywhere in them myths of Demeter. In *Dusty Answer* she invented the 'university woman' novel, while *The Weather in the Streets* handled the miseries of a mistress having an abortion in 1936, when such material was offensive. Gillian Tindall usefully alerts younger or foreign readers to the importance in Lehmann's work of social class nuances. Yet, re-read, the books are hardly 'dated'.

This book is shapely and satisfying. The arrangement is thematic and demonstrates that the preoccupation with isolation, betrayal and dead children was there in the writings before the writer's own experience of them. Gillian Tindall offers a multitude of tentative insights into the working of a writer's imagination, the complex interweaving of memory and invention.

Two ideas are especially suggestive. First, that the dilemma of Rosamond Lehmann's two-timing male characters is 'common and deeply rooted': men may be 'less strongly endowed by nature with the urge towards a close and monogamous relationship. . .yet their need for love can be just as great'. Second, that a writer's life may make the hopes and fears adumbrated in her fiction come true, either through precognition or through choices which fit relationships into pre-existing mental slots.

Rosamond Lehmann complains of the 'spotters', those who insist on seeing real-life originals in her invented characters. Irritating as this must be, it is a back-handed compliment. Similarly, she receives letters saying, 'You've told my story! How did you know?' Such naive identifications are arguably the best applause, confirmation that readers find reality reflected in fiction, some kind of truth.

Writing an appreciation of a living author is a delicate business, as Gillian Tindall, one novelist paying homage to another, admits. She has had the advantage of Rosamond Lehmann's co-operation. This book will be useful when more ponderous theses are forgotten.

Valerie Grosvenor Myer

The Fourth Reich

MAGNUS LINKLATER, ISABEL HILTON and NEAL ASCHERSON *Hodder* £9.95

This is an extended biography of the Nazi war-criminal Klaus Barbie, best known as the 'Butcher of Lyon', the brutal murderer of the French resistance leader Jean Moulin. He was finally brought to justice in 1983 when he was expelled from Bolivia to France. Currently he's awaiting trial for 'crimes against humanity' in the St Joseph prison in Lyon. The trial, when it comes, threatens to expose far more than Barbie's own crimes.

Barbie's interest lies not in the fact that he was a major Nazi figure, for his was a wartime career undistinguished apart from its sadistic brutality. Rather it lies with his post-war record as an operator for American Intelligence, as a security advisor to some of the most inhuman of the South American regimes in the Sixties and Seventies and as a link in the re-establishment of an international network of Fascist groups in the late Sixties.

From 1947-51 American Intelligence in Germany used Barbie to hunt down Communists, although they knew of his record and the fact that French Intelligence were looking for him. His superiors lied both to the French and to their own Government about his activities and his whereabouts, finally organising his escape to Bolivia when things got too hot. As late as 1967, the CIA were actively considering re-employing him again.

Once in South America, Barbie gradually capitalised upon his reputation. He became involved in the cocaine trade, helped train the 'death squads' and organise the July 1980 coup in Bolivia that brought both the cocaine Barons to power and him to the right-hand of Bolivia's military dictator. Most sinister of his activities was with the Black Orchestra, the fascist equivalent of the Red Brigade, and with the 'strategy of tension'. This strategy was designed to destabilise the democratic state through acts of terrorism from the extreme Right that were to be blamed on the Left. Barbie was involved with Stefano delle Chiaie, the originator of this strategy and the organiser of a series of bombings in Italy in 1969 that were blamed upon left-wing anarchists. It was to be 13 years before the right culprits were publicly named although the Italian Secret Service knew within five days of the bombings.

The question this book poses yet again is: *quis custodiet custodies*?

Glyn Ford

Citizens and Comrades

BRIAN JENKINS and GUNTER MINNERUP *Pluto Press* £4.95

Short books that tackle large subjects stimulate the mental juices. *Citizens and Comrades* cannot be accused of lacking either brevity or ambition. It tries to outline a socialist approach to nationalism that will provide 'historical plausibility, theoretical rigour, and political applicability'. In 147 pages it does none of these.

Jenkins and Minnerup give us three chapters on history, theory and practice respectively. The first is a largely predictable survey given the authors' socialist presumptions. The third and last is a relatively worthy left-Marxist overview of recent British politics. There is also a brief but unfortunate conclusion which contains the claim that: 'Conflicts between states are *in reality* not conflicts between states *at all*, but conflicts between specific social and class interests using those states for their purposes.' (My emphasis.) Is all the rest unreal?

The authors themselves do not 'really' think so. In their second chapter, on 'theory', they discuss both history and practical questions with energy and interest. They attempt an ambitious critique of Nairn's work, while holding Hobsbawm equally at bay. Because they are thinking they cause the reader to think too, about very contentious and still unresolved arguments.

Like others of different persuasion on the Left, Jenkins and Minnerup seek to bond their own particular orthodoxy to the positive aspects of nationalism, something they claim is anyway 'essentially' democratic. This is improbable. They seem to evade the full weight of Nairn's argument that nationalism has a dual character whose intrinsically two-faced nature cannot be defined away by emphasising the contrast between its conflicting aspects. Nationalism is the religion of the nation-state and, like the nation-state itself, it has both expanded and imprisoned democracy at the same time. The issue is a major one, however, on which much work remains to be done. *Citizens and Comrades* makes a valuable contribution, in particular through its emphasis on the question of democracy.

Anthony Barnett

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An indispensable reference work about the social and economic situation abroad, this book is a quick and reliable means of comprehending complex realities. Major contemporary labour problems and issues are surveyed and the salient facts and perceptive commentaries are presented clearly and concisely. It covers: labour relations; workers' and employers' organisations; labour-management relations; international labour standards; freedom of association; abolition of forced labour; termination of employment; training for employment; conditions of work; safety and health; working time; labour inspection; quality of working life; and women at work.
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Roz Kaveney

RESearch No 8/9: J. G. Ballard
Distributed by Airlift Book Company £7.95

FIRST OF ALL one looks at the pictures: NASA publicity shots, Marilyn Monroe, crumbling bunkers, windswept rock formations, stagnant swimming pools; intermingled with these, the snapshot detritus of Home Counties life. The two groups of images define something important about Ballard. What keeps his surrealism from being mere indulgent showmanship is that sense of bourgeois, respectable roots tugging against the perversity. The Shanghai that the Japanese destroy in *Empire of the Sun* is not a teeming oriental city; it is a suburb. Ballard is so English as to be, in that, at his most exotic.

This good-looking and useful compendium is an effective, if at times one-sided, introduction to his work, containing interviews with Ballard (and with others, about him), samples of his fiction and other prose and some admirable bibliographies.

Less happily, it allows him the self-indulgence of a Credo: 'I believe in the genital organs of great men and women, in the body postures of Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher and Princess Di, in the sweet odours emanating from their lips . . .'

RESearch is the house journal of a particular sort of American avant-gardism; part of the attraction in Ballard's work for its editors is his nasty-minded little boy side, fascinated by assassination, sexual violence and the destruction of fast cars. In interviews, Ballard reveals his fascination with data as opposed to art; he would rather read official reports on his obsessions than cope with the sentimentalities of other novelists. As if in retribution, there is a side of his work which is at once dehumanised and expressed in stickily purple prose.

Yet this celebration never quite becomes a misrepresentation. Ballard's sense of the magic of the design of great machines sometimes attains real lyricism. More often, the less extreme forms of his obsession with metamorphosis produce images of delicate resonance and strength: 'that blur of multiple selves that shimmered from his arms and shoulders, like an immense electric plumage.'

There is a narrow line between the dehumanised and the transcendent. Ballard straddles that line; even as presented by *RESearch*, there seems little question where the important side of his work is to be found. He is the most engaged of surrealists, engaged not directly in politics, but with forcing his readers to see the strangeness of the ordinary world. □

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

Apologies to readers for the delay in publication of Vol 107 (Jan-June 1984) index. Copies will be available soon.

***Dance at Bougival* (1882-3): 'real people' caught by Renoir on a specific occasion**

ART

Time and absence

John Spurling

Renoir
Hayward, until 21 April, then Paris and Boston

THE RENOIR exhibition (sponsored by IBM) is the latest in a series devoted to leading French artists of the 19th century: Millet in 1976, Courbet in 1978, Pissarro in 1980. The series has been jointly organised by the Arts Council and the Réunion des musées nationaux in France; the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, which joined in for Pissarro, has also taken part this time.

The only snag about this steady record of international cultural cooperation is that, when three venues are involved and an exhibition lasts for nearly a year overall, some of the lenders become a bit tight-fisted with their treasures. To read this exhibition's weighty catalogue (Arts Council special exhibition price £9.50), with its 140 colour plates and fastidiously documented chronology and exhibition history as well as the usual introductory essays and detailed entries for each work, is to be given a very thorough view of Renoir's *oeuvre*; to visit the Hayward itself is rather less satisfactory.

Apart from the Courtauld Institute's *La Loge* (one of Renoir's contributions to the first Impressionist exhibition in 1784) and the

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National Gallery's *Les Parapluies*, none of the major paintings can be seen in London: The *Ball at the Moulin de la Galette*, the *Luncheon of the Boating Party* and the most famous version of *La Grenouillère* are all reserved for Paris, while the *Portrait of Mme Charpentier and her Children* will be seen only in Boston. The Courbet show was diminished though not seriously distorted by the absence of *The Painter's Studio*, but these Renoir omissions make a proper reassessment almost impossible for Londoners (as indeed for Bostonians, who will not see *La Loge* or *Les Parapluies* either).

Renoir's admirers — for whom Sir Lawrence Gowing, writing in an introductory essay in the catalogue, is a most persuasive spokesman — dwell on his natural facility (Gowing calls it 'natural confidence'), his entertainment-value and his vigorously sensual enjoyment both of what he painted and the act of painting it. Gowing picks out especially his treatment of lovers in 'the festive genre pieces' (the absent ones) and remarks that:

> None of his friends painted anything like them: they were as ambitious and as influential as anything that the Impressionists produced. They were the only works that represented the interactions of real people on specific occasions. Such subjects were outside the range of any other Impressionist until Toulouse-Lautrec began to paint night-life in the next decade.

Something of what he means can be seen in the three tall paintings of individual couples dancing as well as in *The Swing* and *Oarsmen*, which have all come to London. It is the reality and specificity that count. Other painters — notably Titian in *The Three Ages of Man* — have shown the suddenly overpowering mutual appetite of lovers, but Renoir shows it in a local context and at an exact moment, when the surrounding noise, bustle, movement, stillness and above all the play of light are as integral to the experience as the unique features of the principal actors. The idea of time passing, of seizing the instant (or rather of being seized by it) is the essence of these paintings: hence the importance to Renoir of his particular models and of keeping up with the latest fashions in clothes. He was not generalising, mythologising, classicising, but dipping a cup in the river and depicting just the cupful that he brought out.

HIS FIGURES don't have to be lovers: the same magic works in his bright little sketch of Monet's wife and son in the garden at Argenteuil (he dropped in to find Manet already painting them and borrowed Monet's paints and brushes to make his own version, which Manet seems to have disparaged) and even in a painting of a single figure such as *Woman at the Piano*, where the instrument itself, with the open score over its keyboard like a surrogate face, acts as the performer's interlocutor.

In the National Gallery's *The Seine at Asnières*, the figures are too distant to have recognisable faces, but the moment is caught in their postures, especially in that of the girl leaning forward slightly to the oars and in the brilliant streak of their orange skiff against the intense blue water.

The Pont Neuf of 1872 is an earlier, clumsier, but equally memorable snapshot, in which small white clouds passing like bubbles across a blue sky and the heavy shadows of the pedestrians, horses and carriages crossing the bridge give the same effect of dazzling instantaneity.

None of these paintings is frozen in the way that a photograph is, for they retain a living sense of movement and change, so that instead of seeing the scene on the Pont Neuf as a distant period piece, a memento of time past, the opposite happens: the viewer is drawn into it, becomes, as it were, its contemporary and instinctively shares that fragment of mundane activity from a café at the corner of the quai du Louvre in the year 1872.

ANOTHER MAJOR omission from this exhibition is the large *Bathers* of 1887 which is now in the Philadelphia Museum of Art and will not be seen in Paris or Boston either. But this omission seems less crucial than the others. There are smaller bathers in plenty in the show and by this stage Renoir had moved into a new phase. He felt that he 'had reached the end of Impressionism and had reached the conclusion that he could neither paint nor draw'. He had visited Italy and studied Raphael and the Pompeian murals, had read an early Renaissance manual of painting technique and worked with Cézanne at L'Estaque. The result was a new emphasis on line and a desire to achieve the timelessness and placelessness of classical art.

One can hardly blame him for wanting to change and challenge himself nor even suggest that he would have done better to go on as before. His facility was by now bringing him good money, but there are signs, even in this carefully selected exhibition, of a decline into formulaic painting. Renoir himself may have been, as another of his admirers claims, 'the least sentimental of men', but that sweet soft-focus style he began to fall into makes him look at times almost pre-Raphaelitically sentimental.

Alas, though, classicism was not his scene at all. The more he tried to monumentalise, to exclude time and place and turn the female body into a kind of quintessential Venus, a canvas-ful of pure sensuality, the more ungainly and even absurd his figures became. He piled on more flesh, stoked up the hot colours, de-personalised the faces, almost as if he had begun to be nauseated by what he proposed to worship. Yet there is no suggestion that he really had taken against his sitters or against their sex in general. The late half-length portraits of Gabrielle Renard in semi-déshabille are as passionately involved with the person in her time and place as ever.

He had not lost his gift for the ephemeral, but he seems to have underestimated it. As an old man he often compared his life to that of a cork in a river:

> Off it goes, then it is drawn into an eddy, pulled back, plunges and rises, is caught by a grass, makes desperate efforts to get free and ends by losing itself, I do not know where. . . .

That was where his genius lay, that was what he could paint, when he wasn't trying to be Titian or Rubens or Cézanne. □

THEATRE

More so

Benedict Nightingale

The Government Inspector
GOGOL *Olivier*

WHY, I WONDER, has Gogol's *Government Inspector* been performed in this country so much less often than one would have expected, given its cosmic reputation and obvious excellences? It might perhaps be argued that its picture of ultra-corrupt bureaucrats botching their duties in the very Styx of the sticks hasn't the same point or power in our well-conducted little island as in the sprawling, primitive Russia of 1836. Civic leaders to police to judiciary, our potentates are of course unerringly just, reponsible, self-denying and altruistic. You only have to read the *NS* each week and *Private Eye* every fortnight to be sure of that.

But enough of this unbecoming sarcasm. It goes without saying that Gogol's moral cannibals are still abundantly with us, less blatant about their eating-habits though they may nowadays be. Only the most Panglossian of spectators will feel totally untouched when the panicky Mayor (or, as he's rechristened here, Governor) rounds on the audience with a howl of 'what are you laughing at? You're laughing at yourselves!' On the other hand, that selfsame line raises another doubt, or did on opening-night at the National, because scarcely anyone was actually laughing at the time. We could see and appreciate the indictment: it just didn't seem very funny.

Perhaps the problem with *The Government Inspector* is not that it's politically or socially remote, but that it's stylistically slippery. Imagine a marriage of Dickens and Swift and the great French 19th-century novelists — and, no, you haven't yet defined Gogol's special blend of genial caricature, satiric clout and public and private realism. You could call it 'very Russian'; and yet the historical evidence is that the Russians themselves lurched this way and that to capture the play's essence.

First, and much to Gogol's annoyance, it was played as harmless farce. As late as 1870 a critic could complain that theatrical tradition had 'set it on the rails of vaudeville and simple rib-tickling comedy and obscured its social significance'. The 20th century reclaimed the play, Stanislavsky in conscientiously naturalistic style, others more flamboyantly. To this second category would belong the most famous revival of all, Meyerhold's 'tragic grotesque' production of 1926, which was packed with spectacular effects, took considerable liberties with the text and introduced a good deal of self-consciously 'significant' business. For instance, the Mayor's last-gasp reaction to the news that he'd spent the play buttering up the wrong Government Inspector was not to 'stand like a post in the centre of the stage' in accordance with Gogol's instructions, but to run stark mad.

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He was hauled off in a straitjacket by a policeman, his wife was carried senseless away on the shoulders of her boyish admirers and the rest of the cast scampered wildly through the auditorium to the pandemonium of whistles, church bells and Jewish band-music.

That sort of showmanship explains Meyerhold's disappearance into the Gulag a decade later and, needless to say, finds few echoes in Soviet revivals today. But Richard Eyre, our director at the National, would seem to have fallen under its residual spell. One has only to take a couple of blinks at John Gunter's set – its tiny, shoddy interiors surrounded by a vast wall of official-looking bumf, upon which a large and symbolic fly noxiously crawls – to know that this isn't to be a Stanislavskian or a 'social-realistic' production. It begins with lightning, a torrent of stage-mist and the transformation of a picture of Tsar Nicholas I into a ravening monster. It introduces a fantasy-sequence, in which twirling dancers act out the impostor Khlestakov's yearnings for success in the Petersburg ballrooms. It inserts a celebrated passage from *Dead Souls* for the same character to speak from a troika raised halfway to the flies, thus bettering Meyerhold himself, who was content to mark his triumphant escape from the Mayor's clutches with the merest hint of the same episode, a spectral jingling of harness bells. And it ends with yet more celestial flashings and bangings, perhaps in deference to Gogol's own remark about the arrival of the authentic Government Inspector, that it and he represented 'divine justice'.

But it doesn't quite take imaginative flight, as the 1926 revival clearly did, for all its ostentation and silliness. Perhaps that's because Eyre's derring-do is less consistent, more erratic and overall less extreme. His production is, so to speak, not so much Meyerhold as Meyerhalved. And yet that can't altogether be cause for complaint, because he's used his unspent imagination in potentially rewarding ways, attempting (so it seems) to compensate for limitations in his Russian predecessor's production. Meyerhold's *Government Inspector*, some said, was too 'mystical', meaning too lacking in social and political edge. Accordingly, Eyre gives special emphasis to the scene in which merchants, women and other abused citizens come to complain about the Mayor's injustices to Khlestakov. At one point the stage seems to be teeming with the stricken and dispossessed, stretching out their importunate hands to soulful chords from Dominic Muldowney's score. Then again, many of Meyerhold's contemporaries thought his revival not funny enough. Accordingly, Eyre has cast a fashionable comic, Rik Mayall, in the main part.

The first impression created by his spoiled-cherub face, quaintly piled curls and baggy trousers is of a disreputable Fauntleroy; and the rest of his performance tends to reinforce it. His Khlestakov is petulant and peevish when the world isn't giving him the good living he thinks he's owed – 'I do hate having to go without, so why should I go without?' – and prone to equally infantile behaviour when he unexpectedly finds himself an object of attention and awe. He flashes big, dopey grins that turn into long, callow roars of self-satisfied delight; he gurgles and whoops, skips and shimmies and narcissistically prances; and, his head not so much turned as whirled into orbit by drink and praise, he succumbs to raging egomania – 'I know everyone, I see everything.' It is a very bright, busy performance, but it could be subtler. It tends to career extrovertly along when guileful timing is needed; it comes thickly scrawled in strong colours when a little light and shade would help. But then there's something overblown about much of the cast, starting with Jim Broadbent's Governor, too much the coarse, overbearing loudmouth and too little the 'quite intelligent', 'quite serious-minded' and emotionally volatile figure Gogol actually wanted. At least on opening night many of them seemed to be pushing too hard for laughter, with the usual result: they didn't get it.

What to conclude, then? It would be true, yet somehow grudging, to say that Eyre has put too many diverse ingredients into his theatrical mouli and failed to blend the spectacle and satire, significance and broadish fun, into a digestible mix. Fairer to suggest that a bold cook has tackled a challenging recipe and come up with some lumpy moments, along with undeniably tasty ones. □

FILMS

Tricky Dicky in the dock

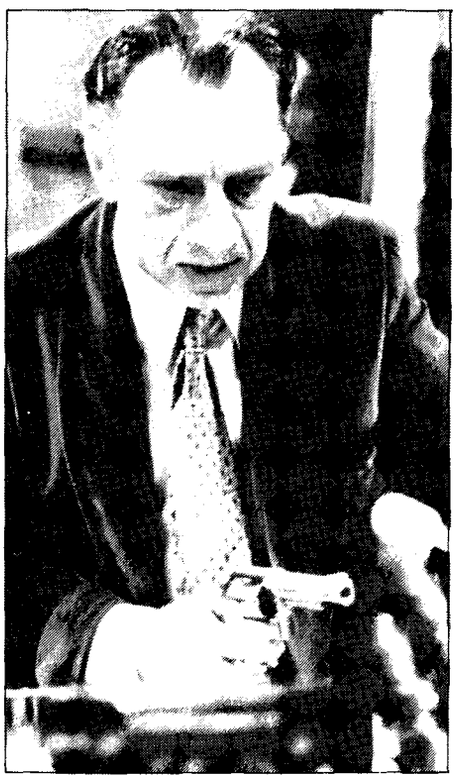
John Coleman

Secret Honor (15)
Everyman
Borowczyk's Dr Jekyll
ICA, from 15 Feb
Teachers (15)
Plaza

AS A CLOCK chimes ten the eye is glidingly escorted round a room and its objects: desk, framed family photos, four TV monitor screens in a row, above them a painting of Henry Kissinger. On the screens a man is seen walking down passages, opening a door, entering the very room before us. He pours himself a drink, dons a smoking jacket, goes over to a brown case on the desk, out of which he takes a gun. Then he sits and has some trouble setting up a tape recorder. 'Cocksucker!' he barks as unwanted harpsichord music emerges from a playback. Richard Milhous Nixon is about to embark on a 90-minute rambling and nocturnal unpacking of his heart with words.

And Robert Altman has led us into his film version of **Secret Honor**, scripted by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone from their stage play, with leisurely guile, allowing time for a claustrophobic, haunted and hunted context to establish itself into which his sole actor, magnificent Philip Baker Hall (some way from a Nixon look-alike), can as persuasively slip as into that red smoking jacket.

This is a dangerous game, the impersonation of a man still living, and Altman is early at pains to describe the affair as a 'fictional meditation . . . not a work of history or a historical recreation', even going along with someone who termed it 'political pornography'. But, for all this discreet bushwah, the fellow up there on the big screen – and on the quartet of smaller ones it so cunningly incorporates – *is* Nixon for a black, drunken, fulminating, self-excusing and self-accusing hour-and-a-half towards midnight. Too many of the events mumbled over, too many of the actual words, belong to the real, disgraced ex-President for that not to be so. Astonishing the material that is packed in to gush forth in broken phrases, the sheer quantity of a life (ignoring for the moment its quality) that is hinted at – from the domination of a Quaker mother, an experience as showground barker, deaths of two brothers from TB, to the 'snubs, sniggers and sneers' endured by a law student passed third in his class but unable to get a job, rejected even by the FBI.



Philip Baker Hall in *Secret Honor*

Sometimes this floundering Nixon addresses an imaginary judge, 'Your Honour', on behalf of a client, himself. His evening's aim is avowedly to tape a justification of Watergate ('I had to lead the press and the Congress to the tip of the wrong iceberg') and, in garbled snatches, we hear how – back in the past – he responded to a newspaper ad asking for young men to run for Congress and was, thereafter, taken up by the mysterious Committee of a Hundred,

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potentates operating from a guarded power base in Bohemian Grove, 'deep in the Californian Redwoods': 'I was very young, I was a kid and they gave me a blueprint for my life.' He intimates that the Committee had a China Plan — 'Taiwan *was* the China Plan' — which necessitated continuing the Vietnam war in furtherance of huge economic expansion in the East; suggests he refused to be their stooge for the proposed third term and so invented Deep Throat (Haig, it is implied) and used Watergate to get out with a pardon. But pardon for what? he rants. He had been convicted of no crime.

And so, foul-mouthed, jumping about in memory, recalling Ike introducing him once as 'Nick Dixon', maudlin before a portrait of Woodrow Wilson ('They broke your heart, too'), regretful about the smearing of Helen Gahagan Douglas ('I *liked* her') and re-enacting a soothing telephone chat with wretched Whittaker Chambers, he kneels, does a mad little dance as Lincoln and Washington look down from the study walls, vilifies Kissinger appallingly and gives vent to sudden wicked chuckles of satisfaction over past public snow-jobs: his wife's mink coat, his little dog Checkers. 'I could always cry in public.' At school, a drama teacher had called him 'the most melancholy Dane he had every directed'.

This extraordinary one-man spiritual strip-tease, compellingly acted, filmed by Altman at the University of Michigan with a student crew, leaves 'Nixon' laying aside the suicidal gun, crying 'Fuck 'em' again and again from his monitor screens till the images fade to drizzle. And one staggers away from the overpowering experience to realise that Altman *has* done more than provide arguable insights into the soul of a one-time President. By implication, his film indicts the whole power structure that thrusts up world leaders, the impossible pressures of office, the inevitable venality.

Those in search of pornography pure and not necessarily simple may get some satisfaction from Walerian Borowczyk's **Dr Jekyll**, which assembles guests including a doctor, a clergyman and a preposterous general (Patrick Magee) at young Jekyll's house to celebrate his engagement to lush Fanny. Borowczyk conjures up a few whiffs of the erotic but, as corpses accumulate, sodomy thrives and Fanny immerses herself in the Hyde-transforming tub (*wasn't* it fun in the bath tonight?), a stench of rotting ham predominates. Dubbing allows such paste-gems as a male guest's 'I thank you to stop that' to Hyde, who's breaking mama's legs; and Magee's crestfallen 'We have killed your coachman, Madam. We are sorry, terribly sorry'. Yes, indeed. Arthur Hiller's **Teachers** is a blackboard bungle, introducing us to one of those US public schools where pupils bite instructors, instructors impregnate pupils and Nick Nolte rehabilitates a delinquent lad. Dry-eyed finale has Nolte implored to stay on by all and sundry, with sundry pleading hardest. Isn't that *nice*? □

ARCHITECTURE

Beyond reason

Jules Lubbock

WILL THE Royal Institute of British Architects never learn? Having in recent years awarded its Gold Medal for Puffing Bum Modern Architects to James Stirling, whose Cambridge History Faculty may have to be

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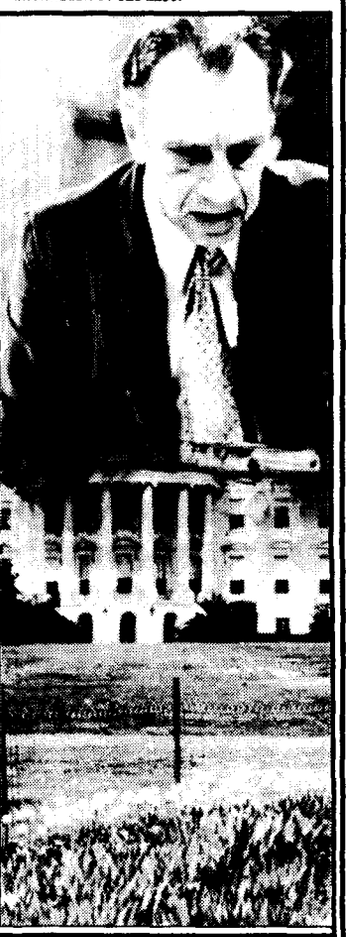

OPENS FEBRUARY 8 EVERYMAN CINEMA HAMPSTEAD ⊖ 435 1525

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demolished, and to Norman Foster against whom Milton Keynes, within two weeks of the award, brought an action for damages, it has just announced that this year's lucky prizewinner is to be Richard Rogers, the jet-set socialist and high-tech designer of the Pompidou Arts Centre in Paris, better known to readers of these columns as the 'Cossack of Coin Street': a scheme that made few concessions to the community interests which have so successfully scuppered it. Now the RIBA is setting up a Committee on Community Architecture, and who should they propose for membership but the Cossack himself.

Mr Rogers's arts centre was, of course, merely one part of Pompidou's megalomaniac modernisation of Paris. La Défense, the office suburb whose grey skyscrapers ruin the vista of the Arc de Triomphe, is one of the few places where Le Corbusier's idea of the Ville Radieuse was ever realised. I went recently to have a look.

There is no disputing the efficiency of the rapid transit métro, nor, emerging to the rattle of a helicopter onto the broad pedestrian boulevard, can one deny that to arrange skyscrapers on either side of a central axis makes it far easier to find one's way than in the picturesque maze of the Barbican, where a yellow guideline has had to be painted on the pavement. There are gravel parterres planted with lime trees and, even on a Sunday, I could buy a chocolate croissant in the shopping arcade. Outside, a red dinosaur, three storeys high, and a pair of mutant cyclopses, without arms or legs, red, blue and yellow, were galumphing about the boulevard, seeming to have emerged from the rocky shore and turquoise sea painted upon a ventilator shaft behind the plane trees. These predatory deformities were the ornamental part of architecture; banished from their rightful place upon buildings, they had returned to haunt the hollow spaces in between, looking for an architect to murder, totally ignored by the people who preferred watching the helicopter rise to the top of the Elf tower and descend, over and over again.

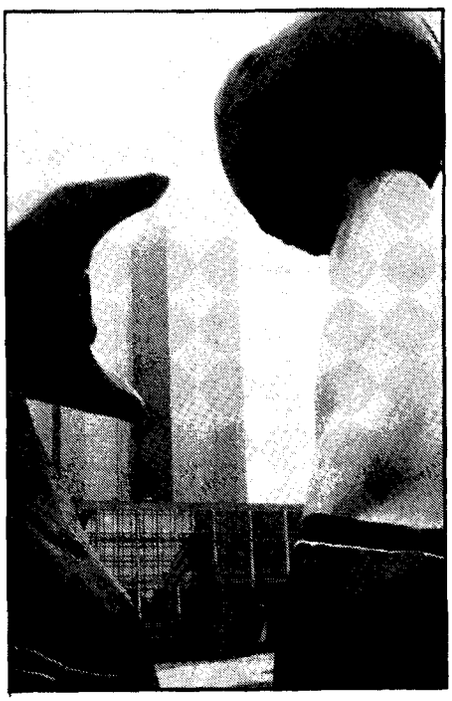
I ate my croissant and fled back down the métro to find the Musée Grévin, the waxwork museum, recommended by my friend the Map Reader, so called on account of an incurable obsession with never stirring a step in Paris without delicately leafing back and forth through the famous *Plan de Paris*. Just as I entered, the loudspeaker announced the start of the 'spectacle' in the Palais des Mirages and everyone raced upstairs and crowded through a tiny door into a hexagonal chamber with an Alhambra-like dome, gilded columns in each corner and mirrors on each wall. We were within the most fantastic building in the world, whose gilded vaults stretched in all directions. A light show followed: the columns were transformed into tropical trees, the dome become the jungle canopy and luminous butterflies and stars descended in turn.

The Hall of the Cupola pays homage to the performing arts in a setting designed before modernist architects were let loose on theatres. Lanterns and branched candelabra illuminate golden mermaids and knights in armour, cherubs, trumpets, galleons and griffins; while, from the four balustraded balconies, an almost naked Nureyev dances to the applause of Columbine, Harlequin and other members of the Commedia dell'Arte.

This is but a prelude to the Panorama of French History where every trick of the *metteur-en-scène* has been employed. In 'Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie' we observe the gaolers in the outer chamber before moving on to see her, standing at the back of her cell, half-concealed by a screen. Standing behind his friends we crane through a half-open door at Molière on his death bed. Finally, there is Napoleon in exile, seated upon a rock reliving his victories and defeats watched by a military historian.

All over. We leave to find ourselves in one of the surviving arcades in this district of Paris — for the famous Passage de l'Opéra, commemorated by the surrealist Aragon in his *Paysande Paris*, was demolished when the final link in Haussmann's Boulevards was completed in 1925, in time for the international exhibition at which Le Corbusier unveiled his Maison de l'Esprit Nouveau, the module upon which La Défense was to be based. Here was an umbrella shop, its sign in gilded lettering and the sticks hung up in an utterly mundane, yet theatric fashion, just as the photographer Atget might have photographed them; a milliner's shop likewise; the Graveur Stern, engraver of fine headed stationery, with sheet after sheet of samples in his window, among them that of the 'writer' Jules Plume; and finally a café, its plate-glass window full of glass shelves with rows of liqueur bottles, their labels emblazoned with the medals won at international exhibitions a century ago. We entered and took tea from a shining tin teapot with a turretted lid, remarking upon the faintly oriental air of the decor, only to discover, on leaving, that we had been sitting in the Café Turc.

G. K. Chesterton once wrote something to the effect that it is not the man who has lost his reason whom we need to fear, but the man who has lost everything except his reason. □



Ticklish situation at La Défense in Paris

Beautiful soup!

Hannah Wright

THE BRITISH have a curious relationship with soup. The majority of us are content to eat a coloured, sweetened, glutinous substance which offers absolutely no challenge to either senses or intelligence. However, almost anyone who is neither allergic nor weight-watching to the exclusion of all pleasure enjoys a bowl of scented milky soup with slices of potato, mushroom and little bits of onion and parsley. I speak with authority, having just given birth to a book on the subject after five years' gestation*.

Continental Europeans do not share this ambivalence over the importance of soup, whether it be a demi-tasse of consommé or the big bowl of vegetable soup with a foot-long knackwurst balanced rim to rim as used to be sold from German street stalls. The French dignify it with the definite article. The Dutch serve three bowlsful of the national favourite — thick pea and ham — as part of the canteen price (while you will remember the fate of fat, rosy-cheeked Augustus who refused his soup in *Struwelpeter*).

No, it is just us who pursue a seemingly deep-seated desire to turn every edible liquid except alcohol into pastel-coloured, coarsely-flavoured pap.

The latest information about premature death, awarding us 'most fatal nation' status, is the best reason of all for overcoming any reluctance to make substantial home-made soups a regular part of the diet. For everyday soups are low in fat, contain sugar only if you mistake the canister and have plenty of fibre and water. They are more nourishing and less harmful than eating the same ingredients roast, grilled, fried or boiled. In the 'dry' methods of cooking such as roasting, some fat, often saturated, is added for lubrication and crisping, while any form of boiling or poaching, however circumspect, consigns a proportion of the water-soluble vitamins to a watery grave. Besides tending to keep heart and arteries free of fur and scale, soups of the main-course, stewy type, especially those based on fish or beans, often give an amazing spread of the essential nutrients in the one bowl. Accompanied by a piece of wholemeal bread and followed by a piece of fruit, this seemingly snacky meal can contain useful amounts of just about every vitamin and mineral in the book.

For instance, a chowder of fresh fish, corn and potatoes in milk offers a good range of minerals in the fish plus Vitamins A and D and low-fat protein. The milk also contains A and D and calcium; the sweetcorn most of the B Vitamins and potato Vitamin C. The bread and fruit increase the levels of Vitamins B,C and E. All this in a preparation and cooking process of about half-an-hour. A combination of beans, vegetables and cheese, like minestrone, will also give a very good range of nutrients. These

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Cliff Harper

traditional substantial soups — American chowders, Italian minestrone, French garbure and Scotch broth — helped to rear large families in austere circumstances and can be pretty well guaranteed to be filling, nourishing and easy. They often rely on one bean or meat ingredient having been previously cooked. This can be stored for some days and different fresh ingredients added daily to make a range of soups.

Take, for example, some 'pease porridge cold', cooked for an hour with water and spices or ham stock according to politics, philosophy and economics. Put a half-pint scoop of the claggy mass in a heavy saucepan and 'let it down', as we say in the trade, with half a pint of milk. Put the pan on a low heat. Add a wooden spoon. Heat and serve. Here is 'instant' food of considerable quality. The next evening, with a little more time and energy, peel and chunk a medium carrot, a small onion, a stick of celery and/or a couple of Jerusalem artichokes. Add garlic crushed with salt and fry all these in oil or butter or with some chopped bacon or sliced sausage (Italian fresh for preference), stirring with a wooden spoon over a low heat for a few minutes until everything is a little frizzly looking but not brown. Add the next scoop of pease porridge and another half-pint of milk or water or diluted tomato juice or stock, bring to the boil, simmer for ten minutes and serve. This is less instant but doesn't take a lot longer than a packet of Golden Vegetable and look at the saving in distress on the nose, palate and gut. The average *New Statesman* reader, agonising for 18 hours a day over the future of socialism, would do well to keep a covered bowl of soup base made from haricot beans, split peas, potato or celeriac in the fridge (or in half-pint packs in the freezer). It is a very practical and simple way of keeping body and great mind together.

Soup doesn't have to come in basic nourishing units. It can be as glamorous and extravagant as you please. Salmon and shrimp cream is a marvellous pale pink, shrimp-sweet, cream-rich cream. It has a seminal attraction which would make any food manufacturer drool with envy if he hadn't already fainted clean away on finding that the ingredients cost real money and that its attractions cannot be reproduced by colours, flavours and emulsifiers.

In fact, soup is a lovely way to use prime quality fish and shellfish which can no longer be afforded as a main course. A few ounces of unusually nice meat or cheese, a broccoli spear or piece of red pepper will make a plain soup interesting. An iced raspberry or melon soup cools in summer; a hot thick soup warms and cheers in winter. Provided you treat it with respect and don't pop in nasty little left-overs, soup is the comfort food that is neither intoxicating, debilitating nor fattening. □

**Hannah Wright's book* Soups *is published by Robert Hale on 14 February at £5.95*

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID GILMOUR's *The Transformation of Spain: from Franco to the Constitutional Monarchy* will be published this March by Quartet.

GLYN FORD is a Member of the European Parliament and chairs its Committee of Inquiry into the Growth of Racism and Fascism in Europe.

Naseem Khan

High jigs

WORK IN PROGRESS

IT DOESN'T, you must admit, look too good. It's grey and nasty in Derby's Market Square: stray people huddling round bus-stops, behind them all the hectic horrible tat of winter sales. And Derby's Assembly Rooms — a name which has a certain period grace to it — turn out to be a glass-and-brick block, not 18th-century at all. 'Get tickets at Box Office' says a sour notice on the door. This turns out to be another little glass block. At this point I nearly gave up. Sod 'Dancing England', I thought; three polytechnic lecturers leaping about with hankies pretending to be Victorian labourers, like as not. The folk movement, I thought crossly as I climbed the quiet stairs, was making little impact on Derby.

The sound-proofing of the Assembly Rooms must be pretty good. For open the door of the Darwin Room and there's a whole world jumping about in there. It's a large square institutional room. All around its pale beech floor little tables are crammed tight with people. In the middle at that moment were five men in breeches and red boleros dancing together in strict tapping unison. 'Knot!' calls one, and they come together in a tight ring. Each is carrying a bendy bit of metal with wooden handles at each end ('Swords,' says the placid lady next to me) and they weave these intricately in and out of the circle, jumping over them, somersaulting over them, finally holding them up in one interlocked starlike figure. It's exciting stuff. And all the time their feet in heavy wood-soled shoes tap along like dried peas on and around the regular jig-like beat. The babies cry, flashlights pop, the supporters of the team — Grand Union say their boleros — cheer. The judges smile enigmatically while the next lot, the Izaak Waltons (whose emblem is of course the fish) file on to the floor.

There's a reversal of roles in the Darwin Room. All around, tankards in hand, stand gaudy fine-looking men in velvets and bright colours. Simpler than the morrismen who come on in the main hall later that night, with their straw hats and trailing ribbons, the rapper dancers look sturdy and very proud of themselves. At the little tables sit the women, subdued and sensible, guardians of the plastic boxes of sandwiches and thermoses, studying the finery of rival teams with a distinctly critical eye. Here and there you might catch the glimpse of a more exotic female figure, in long bright period dress. But once they turn round, the beards and absurd frontal padding mark them out as unmistakably men.

Why no women, I asked people later? (The Rapper Competitions and Step-Dancing were over and we'd moved into the Great Hall for the

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Grand Evening Show.) Ridiculous, agreed two cheery thick-set morris men from Ripley on my table. It was women, they said, who'd kept the morris traditions alive in the Great War with so many of the men gone; yet the Morris Ring won't allow women members. Will things change, I asked, since there are now women's morris sides? Sure to do, they said doubtfully. Out in the crowded bar in the interval — where enough real ale was being sold to fill a thousand clogs — I found a folkie theoretician. What was the origin, I asked, of the custom of some teams blacking their faces? 'If you looked such a wally you wouldn't want people to recognise you, would you?' asked a bystander. Primitive roots? I asked politely, ignoring this frivolous interjection. Certainly not, said the theoretician tartly. Folk dance had not been documented till under a hundred years ago: all the popular talk of fertility and phallic symbols was nonsense. This went against, for instance, recent reports on television of folk dance teams claiming to be pursued by maddened women. I checked with Ripley — was this true? 'Chance 'ud be a fine thing,' said one of them sadly.

Phallic it may or may not be, male-biassed it may or may not be, popular it undoubtedly is. The evening show, that night, sold out. The audience of 1,700 not only watched intently but, when it was over, joined in — swinging and stamping down the smokey room till midnight struck. 'Dancing England' itself, the name of the annual event, has no great body behind it. Started seven years ago by two local teachers and folk enthusiasts (John Shaw and Phil Heaton), it is a voluntary organisation and gets no arts association grant. Each year it just about breaks even, with sale of tickets and concessions to the many stallholders — from clogs to fairisle, from flageolets to Bill Tidy.

The groups that Shaw and Heaton pick, they said simply, are ones that they enjoy watching. Some were marvellous. Lancashire's Britannia Coconut Dancers ('HELLO!!!' begins their publicity material cheerfully) were alone worth a journey to Derby. They are a strange team of big burly men with blackened faces. They are dressed in black polo-neck pullovers and black breeches over which goes a short full white skirt with three red bands of material running round it. The combination of the sturdiness of the men and their heavy clogs, the menace of their smudged anonymous faces with the delicate precision and finesse of their dances is odd. Rochester's Motley Morris black up too, but for an ascertainable reason. Their dance is a revival of the Rochester Chimney Sweeps' mayday procession, which died out in 1868. The new sweeps make it all a burst of energy and misrule. Twenty or so bound in dancing in unison — men and women, top-hatted sweeps in rag-coats, a judge who twits the surrounding crowds with his sweep's brush.

Of course it all must raise some doubts. What on earth are we doing in Derby's Assembly Rooms with mayday junkettings and wassail songs to bless the apple trees? Isn't this all some sort of ludicrous anachronism? The Assembly Rooms may not be a village green and apple trees might now be far from the Market Square, but what is unmistakable in 'Dancing England' is that folk is still a rallying point, not twee and arty, but rollicking, obsessively knowledgeable, and incredibly awash with beer. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Repulsion

IF ANYONE DIES on board Polaris submarine HMS Repulse, they put his body in the deep freeze with the food. Operations are by local anaesthetic only, in the Mess. News of deaths at home are kept from the men until they return to port, 'otherwise it could drive a man insane'.

One rating featured on last week's **Submarine** (BBC-1) didn't need bad news from home in order to go insane. The sound of a tap popping in the night 'was like a sheet of metal coming down'. Cleaning the conning tower with all that water slapping around outside was a whole freaky experience for Ensign Andy Lucas. Noises bugged him in the night and he'd get up to investigate. Then came the coffin dreams, in which he imagined, rightly really, that he was being buried alive at sea. The navy is used to this kind of ploy and most would-be claustrophobes are required to gasp their way through the rest of their three-year contracts. Luckily for Andy, the navy psychologists realised he was genuinely fucked up and brought him up for air.

One saw what he meant. Nuclear submarines are a cacophony of unearthly bangs and wheezes. They sound like a railway hotel after breakfast: the Captain and crew emerge at the end of their eight-week tours of duty looking as though they have spent a weekend in the Cabinet of Dr Caligari. The subs are as long as a football pitch, yet there is no room for the men, who go crazy after a few days packed like corpses in floating catacombs, desperate for the merest glimpse of horizon through the periscope, which isn't allowed.

Each sub has two crews, who work in shifts. We witnessed the change-over, when the frightened families of the submariners are treated to a 'cruise' under the North Sea. 'What's that long thin thing?' asked a wife unused to naval life. Her husband didn't know. The departing captain looked at death's door, hollow-eyed and febrile, as if he'd sailed too near the Bermuda Triangle. The relief captain was openly paranoid: 'Who are in those houses?' he wanted to know as the sub passed a row of fishermen's cottages. 'Who is in that yacht? *I* don't know.' You felt a neurotic trigger finger might easily be tempted to provide a solution to an absence of intelligence of this kind, especially after eight weeks on board one of these exploding cigars, clamped as they are between the teeth of caricature politicos with a proven taste for unnecessary warfare in distant waters.

The series, unlike those on the navy, the Paras and the police force, is dogged by servility (or is it seasickness?) as if we actually owed our safety to these horrific liabilities, instead of our poverty and our vulnerability. I agreed with naval historian John Winton on **Did You See?** (BBC-2) when he said that submarines were nasty un-English things, although I thought it was going too far to suggest taking out their crews and hanging them as pirates: gibbetting them on TV was bad enough.

Winton was right also about the perfectly English but far less dangerous Victoria Wood, **As Seen On TV** (BBC-2), which he liked but found patchy, as when a doctor offers a pair of trainers to a diarrhoea sufferer. He approved of her 'eerily accurate' student sketch, in which someone's fat, unattractive flat-mate (Victoria) sensibly commits suicide, but his fellow-panellist Gary Wilmot, a tremendously acceptable black cockney actor, found her northern accent 'hard to accept'. I didn't notice it, but was distracted by the way she stood with her feet wide apart during the stand-up section, the weakest area of her act. I preferred the sketches, particularly the retarded courtship sessions with Carl, the finest exponent of gormlessness since Bernard Bresslaw. Victoria: 'Do you know the facts of life, Carl?' Carl: 'Some of 'em. I know where me mam's apron is.' Victoria: 'What's your favourite sandwich?' Carl: (to camera) 'Treacle'.

But nothing in last week's show quite matched Ms Wood's retarded channel swimmer of a few weeks back. This hopeful wears her swimming cap in bed. Her back-up team have gone AWOL and her parents have snuck out to the cinema on her big day. She decides to go anyway, vaselines up, shoulders her duffle bag and splashes in for real. Eight days later the camera pans the horizon in vain, lingers on the dollies in her empty childhood bedroom. We were left begging for more, but received only the swimming pool housewives who kept their heads clear of the water not to wet their cigarettes. They had to drain the pool to find Victoria's contact lens, then she put someone's verruca into her eye: a poetic touch there.

Her cheapo cosmetic surgery receptionist was another treat. Client: 'Do you remove facial hair?' Ms Wood: 'Not properly. We could tint it for you. No, Mr Heathbury doesn't touch the married organs. We could do an apronectomy, you know, remove the stomach flesh. That can be very popular. In fact we've had to hire a skip.' Ms Wood is well suited physically for the demolition of the omnisciently smug Claire Rayner. Question: 'Do dogs go to heaven?' Answer: 'Hello, Catherine. No, they don't.' But on the whole her characterisations are superior to her one-liners, which can reveal her thought processes to an audience, like glimpses of backstage areas. I see that everything is written by Ms Wood, which is remarkable, but I don't see the shame of taking some help when the pressure's on, as it must be for these peak viewing half hours. Wood is a great performer, but there is a slight sense of panic in the production, which may account for the occasional lapses to TV-level, as when she asks: 'Have you tried sucking a Nigroid?' and cannot resist editorialising 'I say, I don't think television is ready for this . . .' □

New Statesman Binders

Keep your copies of the NS in good condition with a binder. It holds a half-year's copies and costs £4.50 (£8.50 for two). Send order with remittance to **New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.**

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Weekend competition

No 2859 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Wanted: extracts from Johnson's life of Boswell, Queen Victoria's life of Lytton Strachey, Ivy Compton-Burnett's life of Hilary Spurling or any other similar reversal of biographical roles. Max. 150 words by 20 February.

No 2856 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Wild but courageous translations of foreign words or phrases.

Report **By Di Dact**

You really mustn't do this too often. The entire Complex has had to be kept in on overtime this week — even She held a door open, once, as Len staggered past with a builders' skipful of your entries. And what quality! People whose lips I haven't seen crack since I've been here were snorting like pistons and dabbing their eyes with handy copies of the *Guardian*. I do, of course, have one complaint. 'Max. half a dozen per entrant' does *not* (Griffiths, Lowy, Jermy) mean that you simply carry on typing until the ribbons run dry. I also have an apology: since there were quite a few repetitions, I've had to be a bit arbitrary in selecting the one among equals to be printed. This isn't fair, but LIFE ISN'T FAIR. Two pounds per entry to those named below and a merit mark to you all.

Coup de théâtre: Arts Council grant.
Amour propre: Missionary position.
WILL BELLENGER

A la carte: Off the back of a lorry.
Les crudités: Genitals.
ANDY KIRBY

Au courant: Running water.
Flêche d'or: Suntanned.
MONICA G. RIBON

Une sonnette électrique: A stimulating poem.
Fin de siècle: Tail-light of a bicycle.
RUSSELL LUCAS

Déjeuner: To grow up.
Sic passim: To throw up.
HARRY EDWARDS

Esprit de corps: Embalming fluid.
Si monumentum requiris, circumspice: If you want Monument, take the Circle Line.
R. S. MACLEOD

Tic douloureux: American Express
BOB SCOTT

Et tu, Brute?: Aren't we wearing the same aftershave?
GEORGE SIMMERS

Et cum spiritu tuo: What would you like with your drink?
NICHOLAS HODGSON

Dulce est desipere in loco: It is sweet to disappear in a train.
KATHIE MCGILLMORE

Et in Arcadia ego: I too have played Space Invaders.
P. M. KNIGHT

Lapsus linguae: Oral sex. NEVILLE MELLON

Tenez la gauche: Keep it simple ELERI HAYES

Défense de cracher par terre: No dossers here.
SANDRA KINGTON

Si non è vero è ben trovato: If it isn't Vera it's Ben the opera singer.
NICHOLAS MURRAY

Annus Mirabilis: A stupendous rectum.
PASCOE POLGLAZE

Cherchez la femme: The churching of women.
PATRICK SNAITH

Wie gehts: Little doors. FRANK LANNING

Mal de mer: Morning sickness. JOHN SWEETMAN

Entre deux mers: Surrogacy. PETER A. WALTON

Gare de Lyon: Lion tamer. FRANK PURCELL

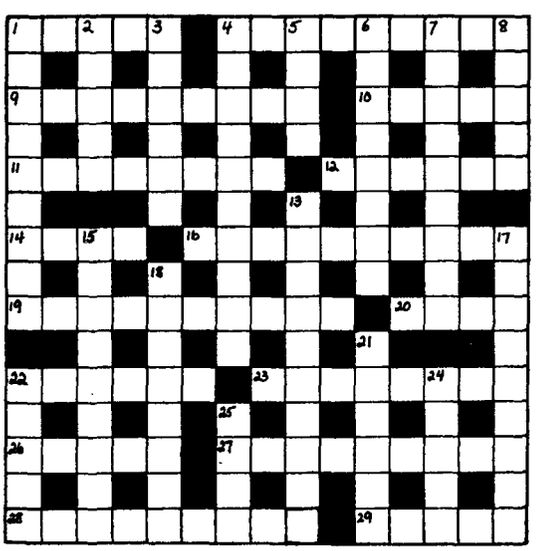
Caveat emptor: Let the dustman beware.
DAVID TOLEY

N'importe: Export only. GWEN & RALPH PEARCE

Nom d'un chien: Rover. GERARD BENSON

Weekend Crossword 1468

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1468, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 19 February.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

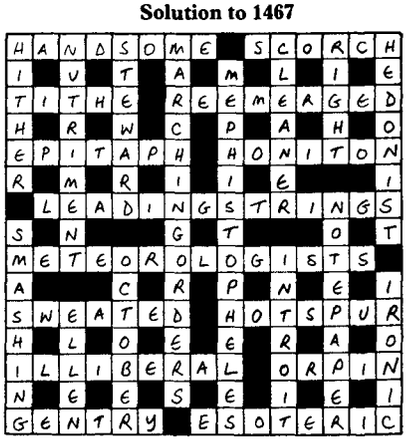
1. Ticket for a party before start of election (5)
4. Wax-like substance produced by Mr Big-ears (9)
9. Made a fresh impression by a violent movement in the grass (9)
10. The card of a not quite genuine member (5)
11. He read material about a politician being obstructed (8)
12. The one who gives an extra thousand is not so sane (6)
14. Weary wear (4)
16. Powerful article about misfortune discovered in the garden (10)
19. It is tiresome to be out of form at golf (10)
20. Philosopher who is always right (4)
22. Making nothing revive with the mouth (6)
23. Renegade discovered in a country without a river (8)
26. Authentic works finally appear to be of unknown authorship (5)
27. It is tedious for one to go in to put a few on (9)
28. Left-wing academic carries a piece of cloth as a national symbol (3,6)
29. Set up disorder in Crete (5)

DOWN

1. God and chosen people get together slowly (9)
2. Place for passion shows the south is in a period of prosperity (5)
3. An article in the van? (6)
4. School which is liberal enough for a Huxley (10)
5. County flower show (4)
6. Back-street president draws back (8)
7. Song gives one a bit of sport with university backing (9)
8. Given an extra penny the extra would make a meal (5)
13. Girl with a flat which is cheap and ordinary (5,5)
15. Stopped being cultured if the artist disappeared (9)
17. Welcome holding people under a treaty (9)
18. Wodehouse character makes Erin change to another island (8)
21. Aim for something high (6)
22. Name for means of propulsion without science (5)
24. The trouble about love (5)
25. Something stolen from surplus wages (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1467



Prizewinners to 1467

Vicky Feltham (Birkenhead)
Alex Galloway (London SE6)
M. J. Nolan (Tonbridge, Kent)

Apologies to readers for the misprint confusing crossword 1467 with 1497 (*NS* 25 Jan.). As most of you suspected, that week's puzzle should have been **1467**, solution and winners printed above.

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★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

APPOINTMENTS

CHRIS SMITH, MP for Islington South & Finsbury, is looking for a PA/Researcher to start work early March. Hours & salary negotiable. Apply with C.V. by 15 February to: Chris Smith, House of Commons, London SW1.

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University of London:
The London School of Economics

RESEARCH OFFICER,
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Applications are invited for the post of **Research Officer** to work on a project on the power and ideologies of Trade Union Officials, funded by the Economic and Social Research Council, from **1 April 1985** until **30 June 1987**. The ideal candidate should have a social science degree, a trade union background, and experience in interviewing.

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Application forms and further particulars are available, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, from: **the Administrative Officer, Room H 510, The London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE.**

Closing date for application: *4 March 1985*

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EDITOR

Trade Union Journal

The Transport Salaried Staffs' Association, which represents salaried staff in the transport, travel trade, and allied industries, will have a vacancy for Editor of its monthly Journal in **August 1985.**

The Editor is responsible to the General Secretary for all aspects of production of the Journal and will assist with public relations, media matters, and preparation of organising literature. Knowledge of transport and allied industries and trade union and wider labour movement required. Public speaking ability an advantage.

The post is based in London with a salary of **£13,974** per annum including London Allowance. Contributory pension scheme. Full C V by **11 March 1985** addressed 'Personal' to:

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Applications giving full details of relevant trade union or associated experience and marked ***'Private and Confidential'*** *should reach* **the Chairman of the Association, Malcolm J. Campbell, C/O City Business Library, 55 Basinghall Street, London EC2V 5EX, by not later than Saturday 16 February 1985.**

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LISTINGS

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SUTTON CND Benefit '4 Minute Cabaret' with Skint Video, P.R. Murray, Joan Gifford, Kay Ashberry & CND Theatre Grp. 7.30pm Back Room, Secombe Centre, Cheam Rd. Adm. £3/£2UB40. **Tickets: Rob 01-661 7165/Penny 01-647 5851/Secombe Centre 01-661 0416.**

LONDON 'Exploring Living Memory' — Life History projects in London Exhibition. 10am-10pm daily until 24 Feb. Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1. Adm. Free.

GLASGOW International Festival of Socialism. SOGAT '82 Buffet/Dance. Presentation from Scottish Cncl. to Michael Foot MP. Spkrs. Denis Healey, MP, Francisco D'Escoto, Nicaraguan Ambassador. 8pm-1am (late bar) Woodside Halls. **Tickets/Details: Bob Gillespie 041-332 1501/8397.** Proceeds TU Cttee. for Aid to Central America.

SAT 9 FEB

LONDON Public Order Research Grp./Greater London Assoc. of Trades Councils Conf. on Policing & Public Order: Proposals for Change. 1pm Congress House, Gt. Russell St, W1. **Details: Public Order Research Grp, 9 Poland St, W1. 01-734 5831.**

GLASGOW International Festival of Socialism. Labour Party Scottish Council Rally with David Blunkett, Jean-Pierre Cot MEP, French Socialist Party, Denis Healey, MP, Ron Todd, Woman spkr. from Miners' Support Grp. 10.30am McLellan Galleries. Adm. by ticket only from **Kier Hardy Hs. 041-332 8946.**

GLASGOW Labour Party Scottish Council 'Red Night' with 'Wildcat', 7.84 Theatre Co., The Red Review 6.30pm McLellan Galleries. Tickets: £2.50/£1.50 UB40 **Keir Hardie House 041-332 8946.**

MON 11 FEB

TRADE UNION SOLIDARITY DAY called by Kent NUM & TUC SE Regional Cncl. to demonstrate massive support for miners and put pressure on NCB to return to negotiating table. Demonstrations at every power stn: Littlebrook (Dartford tunnel), Tilbury, Essex, Kingsnorth & Isle of Grain, Kent. Demonstrations at NCB H.Q. Hobart House & Price Waterhouse, London Bridge. Women's demo. at DHSS HQ Elephant & Castle, SE1. Evening rally at Central Hall, Westminster. **Info: 01-582 0996/636 4030 x 246/248 or local support cttees.**

LONDON 'Modes of thinking — psychoanalysis & science' by Margot Waddell latest in fortnightly series of seminars 'Beneath the white coat' sponsored by BSSRS. 8pm The Roebuck, Tottentham Ct. Rd, W1.

WED 13 FEB

LONDON World Disarmament Campaign Peace Action Programme 7pm Grand Committee Rm, House of Commons, SW1. Spkrs. Denzil Davies MP, Paddy Ashdown MP, James Knapp NUR, Chair: Dame Judith Hart MP.

LONDON The Future of London debate with Ken Livingstone & Sir George Young Bt. MP. 1pm St. James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. Adm. Free.

EWELL 'Pacifism' CND meeting 8pm 42 Reigate Rd, Ewell. **Details: Peter Brooker Epsom 21348.**

THURS 14 FEB

LONDON 'Stand Together: Rally Together' with Roy Hattersley MP, Peter Heathfield, Paul Boateng, Frances Morrell 7.45pm Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd, NW1. Adm. 50p/20p UB40.

LONDON Music of Baroque Dresden — concert to commemorate 40th anniversary of Dresden bombing. 8pm St. Martins in the Fields, Trafalgar Sq, WC1. Tickets: £2.50/£1.50 UB40 at door. **Proceeds to National Peace Council & World Disarmament Campaign.**

LONDON 'Newham loves the GLC' Cabaret for Valentine's Day with John Hegley & the Popticians, Sensible Footwear, Jim Barclay. 8pm till late (late bar) East Ham Town Hall, E6. Tickets £3/£1 UB40 from **Newham Cttee to Save the GLC 01-552 2775/East Ham Town Hall.**

FRI 15 FEB

LONDON 'Protect us from Enoch! No return to the kitchen! Defend abortion & contraception rights. 7.30pm St. Pancas Library Meeting Rm. 100, Euston Rd, NW1. **Details: Carol Taggart 01-729 0414.**

LONDON 'Protect us from Enoch! No return to the kitchen! Defend abortion & contraception rights. Protest. 9am House of Commons.

LONDON Ken Livingstone will sign copies of 'London for Beginners' 11am Writers & Readers Bookshop, 144 Camden High St, NW1. 01-267 0511.

SAT 16 FEB

CATFORD 60th Anniversary Festival of The Woodcraft Folk 11am-4pm Catford County School, Bellingham Rd, SE6. Adm. Free, creche. **Details: 01-672 6031.**

WANDSWORTH PRISON Demonstration calling for release of Terry French, Kent NUM 1-3pm Heathfield Rd, SW18. **Org. Islington Miners Support Cttee, 68 Regina Rd, N4. 01-359 1789.**

FORTHCOMING

17 FEB LONDON Hampstead Community Centre 'Women's Day' 10am-4.30pm 78 Hampstead High St, NW3. Workshops on Women's self-defence, assertion training, art therapy, relaxation. £1.50 each. Creche, lunch. **Details & booking: Frances Turner, 01-794 8313.**

19 FEB LONDON SE London Brnch. Socialist Health Assoc. meeting to discuss 'Democracy in the NHS'. 8pm 195 Walworth Rd, SE17.

19 FEB LONDON AGM of W. London Brnch. SHA. 7.15pm Boardroom, W. London Hospital, Hammersmith Broadway, W6.

19 FEB LONDON 'Implications of Warnock' Spkrs. Helene Hayman, Ann Kingsbury. 6.30pm Cttee Rm. 3 House of Commons, SW1. **Org. Socialist Health Association & Nat. Labour Women's Cttee.**

21 FEB DUDLEY Inaugural Meeting of Socialist Health Assoc. Brnch. 7.30pm Main Hall, Education Unit, Russells Hall Hospital.

21 FEB BRIGHTON Inaugural Meeting of Socialist Health Assoc. Brnch. 8pm NALGO Club, Baldwin Hs. 164-167 Edward St.

23 FEB LONDON GLC Assembly on Abolition, ratecapping, jobs. Wembley Conference Centre. **Details: Rm. 217 County Hall 01-633 4400.**

23 FEB BIRMINGHAM Labour & Unions — Keeping the Links campaign conf. with David Winnick MP, Jeremy McMullen, John Palmer. Digbeth Hall. **Details: Labour Co-ordinating Cttee, West Midlands 0785 43895.**

28 FEB LONDON Miners Benefit with John Hegley, The Joeys, Ra Ra Zoo, the Popticians. Spkrs. Tony Benn, Ken Livingstone 7.30pm Porchester Hall, Porchester Rd, Queensbury, W2. Adm. £3/£1.50 UB40. **Org. 'CAST'/Westminster North Labour Party. 01-487 3440.**

2-3 MARCH LONDON Campaign Against Arms Trade 'Bread not Bombs' National Meeting at 111 Gower St, WC1 (Sat) Friends International Centre, Byng Pl, WC1 (Sun). **Bkings & Details: CAAT, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1 9DX 01-278 1976.**

2 MARCH LONDON Women & Photography Day at Battersea Arts Centre. Women interested/involved in photography contact: **Amanda, Format Photographers, 25 Horsell Rd, N5. 01-609 3439 (Mons & Tues.)**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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LOCAL COUNCIL ACTION AND WOMEN'S JOBS
WORKING OUT THE FUTURE

A CONFERENCE ON WOMEN'S EMPLOYMENT

at the
City University
on the
9th and 10th of March 1985

Over the last few years a small number of local authorities have begun to recognise the inequalities women face in the labour market and the possibilities of taking some action at the local level. Often the actions have been extremely limited when set against a background of indifference or hostility and inadequate resources and only a small start has been made. And now even these achievements face the axe with current government attacks on local authorities.

What have local Councils actually done to improve women's work?
How can these achievements be defended and built on?
How effective have they been in tackling racism and other problems that women face?

The purpose of this conference is to discuss strategies for local authority action to promote training and employment opportunities for women. It will provide an opportunity for women to share experiences of what local Councils can do and the possibilities of working within them. We hope to develop a charter for local action on women's employment

This conference is organised by the GLC together with women in many other local authorities and organisations concerned with these issues around the country. It is one of the GLC initiatives for International Women's Day week of activities.

The conference will mainly be organised into workshops. Some of the workshops will be on education/careers; employment projects; childcare issues; local authority industrial initiatives; low pay; the private sector; racism; heterosexism; the local authority as an employer and trade union issues. Women from all parts of the country will be contributing.

We hope that women who are concerned with these issues will come and contribute to this conference and to the development of a charter for local action.

The conference will be at the **City University** on the **9th and 10th of March 1985.** A creche will be provided. The University has disabled access. There will be signers.

If you are interested in coming to the conference write or phone
Rhoda Brawne 633 4613/4725
Greater London Council Room 8
County Hall London SE1

INTERNATIONAL WOMENS DAY 8th March 1985

GLC
Working for London

CRS CAPITAL READING SEMINARS
1. 16 Feb 5pm Room 2c
2. 2 March 5pm Room 2d
University of London Union
Malet Street, London WC1
For further details **01-354 0668**

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 10 Feb. 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Death and After'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

W.D.C.
World Peace
Action Programme
Wednesday 13 February 7pm
Grand Committee Room
House of Commons
Speakers: **Denzil Davies MP; Paddy Ashdown MP; Fenner Brockway James Knapp (NUR),**
Chair: **Judith Hart MP.**

HEARTSEARCH

AMERICAN PILOT (Ultra-Conservative) in London every three/four months seeks unencumbered relationship with lady (30-40). Prefer Germanophile but all okay. Likes: History, Books, Theatre, Music, Humour, Guitar, Intelligent Conversation, Cognac. Photo please! Box (04) 0148.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ARE YOU an intelligent, attractive, Yorkshire-based woman, independent or open-married, 25-45, looking for non-sexist male counterpart, for secondary but open relationship which might become loving? Maybe I'm him! Box (06)0220.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstance for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding area. Box (06)0229.

AUTHOR SEEKS non-smoking companion for hiking in South Pennines and possible collaboration on writing and guiding projects. Box (06)0212.

BIRMINGHAM WOMAN, 38, single parent, graduate, travelled, vegetarian, own mortgage and car. Interests: arts, people, politics, countryside, alternative and new ideas. Seeks non-sexist, non-smoking communicative man under 45 for stable caring relationship. Box (06)0218.

BRISTOL LADY, 38, with young son, warm, friendly, working, widely travelled, seeks cheerful man of broad outlook, view to lasting relationship & possible child. Box (06)0214.

CARING, CULTURED, passionate, cosmopolitan, sun-loving guy, 6' 1", 39, exploring life, loves arts, galleries, philosophy, rock, reggae, dance, people, travel, beach, seeks sensual, slim girl, soulmate (18-38). Any race/circumstances. London. Box (06)0246.

CHAGALL LOVER, easy going female, fortyish, generous spirited, happy, interdependent, justice loving, kind, loyal, quested by male, non-smoker, open, stable, for permanence, romance, sharing, trusting, understanding. Box (05)0199.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

ERRATIC COMMUTER between Scotland's capitals, gay, 34, in broadcasting, seeks guy of roughly similar age, to revive interest in the joys of theatre, cinema, walking, food and whatever. Box (06)0205.

FEMALE GRADUATE, socialist green, 32, sociable, educated, sensitive, stable, humorous, positive, nature-loving, interests simple and academic, seeks similar man, returnable photo appreciated. London. Box (06)0213.

FEMALE, 46, 5' 2", slim, interested in Green Politics, folk music, theatre, walking, would like to meet like-minded male, London area. Box (06)0208.

GAY MAN, 30, short and cuddly, enjoys theatre, conversations, old films and decadence, seeks intelligent man, probably older, for caring but non-claustrophobic relationship. Box (06)0216.

GENTLEMAN, 51, graduate, London-based, seeks permanent relationship with lady of character, preferably interested in music, art, dancing and home life. Box (06)0217.

I AM a happily independent woman in my 40s, working and living in London. I would love to meet an unattached man of about my age, perhaps out of London, for companionable weekends, occasional holidays, and all the pleasures of a long-term, warm but unclaustrophobic friendship. Box (06)0242.

INDIAN GUY, 36, own home and business in London, wishes to correspond with non-smoking lady, any area for friendship with view to marriage. Box (06)0206.

INDIAN PROFESSIONAL male (41), unattached, lively, slim, socialist with wide interests, seeks humorous, non-smoking, like-minded, warm female (30-35), for caring relationship. Cheshire. Box (06)0225.

INTELLIGENT, LIVELY lady, 41, offers caring, warmth (and maybe more) to an unattached, leftish man, of wit, humour and sensitivity. Box (06)0223.

IRISH DIVORCED Dad, 48, lecturer, home-loving, sincere, lives with his two boys 8 & 9 in peaceful Irish town. Wishes to contact soulmate. Box (05)0183.

LEFTISH LEO lady (31), presentable, friendly, outgoing. Demanding job (anti-social hours) seeks tolerant intelligent, cheerful male friends, aged 30-40, North West area. Box (06) 0224.

LONDON BASED professional woman, mid forties, seeks professional man, 40-60, to share arts, travel, cinema and caring relationship. Non-smoker please. Box (06)0240.

LONDON MALE, 34, graduate, slim, bearded, quietish, caring, classical music lover (Machaut to Messiaen), also interested art, literature, walking, non-smoker, seeks cultured female, 30-40. Box (05)0173.

MALE GRADUATE, 43, Lancashire-Yorkshire area, historical interests and work, would like to meet/correspond with affectionate, humorous female, who values love and companionship more than material success. Box (06)0209.

MALE, 41, married but missing warmth and intimacy seeks female, 30s, possibly similarly placed, for necessarily occasional but caring, hopefully long-lasting friendship. London. Box (05)0195.

MANCHESTER-BASED Indian woman social worker, 43, left-wing, interested in everything, knows nothing about anything, seeks a man for lasting relationship. Box (04)0157.

PERSONABLE, FIT man, 49, needs warm, attractive, intelligent lady anywhere. Jointly seek fresh directions for mutual happiness and success. Ideas welcome and exchanged. Box (06)0210.

PROFESSIONAL, LEFT-WING male, 33, bit of a romantic, interested in classical music, travelling, wining/dining and changing society, seeks female partner to indulge and share life, love and to create mutual happiness. W Midlands/anywhere. Box (03)0091.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, lives Cornwall, vegetarian, loves cats, classical music and countryside. Seeks close, passionate relationship with female, 20-35. Box (06)0226.

PROFESSIONAL SELF-EMPLOYED man, 40s, somewhat historically inclined, not taking politics too seriously (sense of humour gets in the way), solvent, reasonably affectionate and presentable, seeks female counterpart. Midlands/M1. Box (06)0227.

SCOTSWOMAN, SINGLE, Edinburgh-based, rising forty and just awakening, seeks intelligent male companionship/friendship to begin life. Box (05)0162.

SLIM, FIT Englishman, 45, has warmth and affection to reciprocate, with an interesting lady, who could be younger or older, and like me has the occasional free weekday. Box (06)0222.

SRI LANKAN guy, postgraduate student in US, socialist, enjoys travel, books, theatre, art and music, seeks female with sense of humour, for correspondence and friendship. Box (05)0167.

SUN-SEEKING SOCIALIST socialite, youthful 39, psychologist, attractive Jewish heathen, seeks compatible man, fun, fit & forty (+5), warm, thoughful & strong, for pursuit of truth & trivia. (London). Box (05)0174.

WHERE ARE the men with soul *and* street-wisdom, culture *and* clout? Successful, intelligent lady, 38, independent, happy, sexy, would enjoy a worldly, intellectual man with a sense of humour, mid forties or older. Oxford/London. Box (06)0219.

YORKSHIRE – UNATTACHED, active male, visual arts graduate (51), seeks younger female companion, friend. Photograph appreciated (will be returned and reciprocated). Box (06)0237.

ZIMBABWE BECKONS. Divorced lecturer, early 50s, invites warm, attractive woman to join him in a new challenging teaching post, where marital status is necessary. Box (06)0228.

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